

FIFTEEN  
Real COMFORTS.  
OF  
Matrimony.

BEING  
In requital of the late Fifteen  
SHAM-COMFORTS.  
WITH  
Satirical Reflections on Whoring,  
And the Debauchery of this Age.

---

Written by a Person of QUALITY  
of the FEMALE SEX.

---

Entered according to Order.

---

LONDON:

Printed for Benjamin Alsop, at the Angel  
and Bible; and Thomas Maltbus, at  
the Sun in the Poultry. 1683.

Εγγύησις

Επίδειξις

Επικομιδή

Επιτάξια

Επινόηση

Επινοίη

Επινοίηση

TO THE  
Injur'd LADIES.

No, upon my word, Ladies; ---- 'twas neither Favour nor Affection, nor Flattery, nor Fear, but something, I know not what. --- You may if you please call it Conscience, and something of Gratitude for favours formerly received amongst you, as being one of the same Sex. And these two things would not let me be at quiet, bearing ye so odly abus'd and scandaliz'd, and daily reproach'd, by those that were ten times worse than your selves,

A 3              that

To the Injured Ladies.

that is to say, Men. For these Men have got a trick to lay all the weight and burthen of their fears, jealousies, discontents, disquiets, their running in Debt, their Breaking, all upon the wemens backs ; and Matrimony too must be arraign'd for their sakes. But when we came to bring both to the Bar of Reason, and weighed the Miscarriages of both the one against the other , the Mens Scale was so heavy , you could hardly lift it : The Womens so light , that you could hardly feel it. And therefore for these Manichæans to bespatter Matrimony for the Womens sake, is such a folly of Men , that the Women

## To the Injur'd Ladies.

Women too severely labour under it. Now then I would have the Men be so ingenious, for reparation of injuries so long done the Female Sex, as to resign the Government of the World for a while to the Women; considering that we are not without examples of Heroesses, that have govern'd Empires and Kingdoms with that Fame and Renown, which has made 'em live to this present Age. For example, there was Semiramis that did wonders, and not only preserv'd, but enlarg'd her Husbands Dominions. Zenobia Queen of Assyria, famous in her generation. Thomyris,

A. 4      that

## To the Injur'd Ladies.

that not only defeated , but cut off Cyrus's Head. To these we may add the Queen of Sheba, Penthesilea , Amalasuntha , Queen of the Ostrogoths. And of later times, the great Mogul had a Mistress , who having wrought her self into the affections of the Emperour , besought him to let her have her will so far; that he would lay aside his own Imperial Dignity for four and twenty hours, and suffer her to exercise his own Absolute Dominion for that time. To which the Emperour condescending, she made such good use of her short season , that the story says, she did more good in that four and twenty

## To the Injur'd Ladies.

twenty hours , than the Emperour had done in all his Reign before. So that 'tis plain, that Women can do strange things if they were let alone. And truly one would think the Men could never have a better opportunity to put their Project in practice than now , while women resemble 'em so much in their Habits, in their Swashes, their Justicoars and Wastcoats , their short Hair and Perriwigs , which in a short time will easily bring 'em to Breeches and Coats, which is the only thing they want.

However, Ladies, you must be very cautious in bringing this affair about. For Men are now

## To the Injured Ladies.

now-a-days grown such splitters another  
of hairs , that at down-right as th  
Swearing they'l be too hard for the r  
ye. Nor would I have you take you  
for your Example the Sicilian book  
Vespers : I would not have you pay  
Massacre them all in one night ; com  
but you may if you please bind bane  
'em all in one night , and then thri  
seize upon their Maces and in t  
their Caps of Maintenance , knor  
make sure of the Bankers may  
their Fur Gowns and their  
Trapt Horses. But above all ,  
Shops : which the better to  
bring about , you must endea  
vour to Libel 'em , and put the  
world out of conceit with 'em ;  
nay, to make them jealous one of

ano-

## To the Injur'd Ladies,

itters another, and to lay 'em as open  
right as they have laid you. And that's  
d for the work of this Treatise, which  
take you are to con and get without-  
ilian book; that you may be able to  
e you pay your murmurings, repining,  
ght; complaining, ill-natur'd Hus-  
band bands, your domineering spend-  
ben thrifts, and by-hole-hunters,  
and in their own coyns. And who  
ce, knows what a benefit this  
ers may be to the world? For  
eir certainly a general peace must  
ll, ensue: all Quarrels about Re-  
ligion shall be at an end. Ta-  
verns shall go down, and cease  
to plague us with their intox-  
cating Bruages. Gunsmiths and  
Powder-men may go hang them-  
selves.

## To the Injur'd Ladies.

selves. And then for Bawdy houses , there would not be one left in the Nation. And would not this be a blessed Reformation? Well, Ladies , go on and prosper ; and when you come into your Kingdom, remember

**Vostre Bonne Amie**

& Tres-humble Servante.

**THE**

T H E  
 First Real Comfort  
 O F  
 Matrimony.

**M**atrimony is like a good hedge about a piece of Pasture ; it keeps a Man from treading over my ground. Or if any Swash-buckler will be so eager after his game, as to break my Quick-set , and ride over my Corn , a *pedibus ambulando* presently lays him by the heels for his daring presumption.

Then again, a Woman is like a House ; the Law gives a man a Lease of her ; and he that takes a Lease of a House, is bound to keep the Tenement in repair. If she happen to be with Child, she is like a Ship, and then she never looks so handsome as when she is compleatly rigg'd and trim'd.

B

He

He that Courts a young Lady neat and fashionable in her habit, does ill if he intend not to maintain her afterwards in the same Garb. He must be no other than one of those pittiful muck-worms that go all day with their Collars unbutton'd, that lowres at the finer and more curious Dress of his Wife, as if neatness and cleanliness belonged onely to Maids, and flattern carelessness to Wives: Whereas neat, and trim, and tite, are the mark of Good-Huswifery; loose and tawdrie, the sign of a Curtisan.

All the while a man is a woīng, he loves to see every thing in print, every thing proper and well adjusted about his Missess; but when they have got 'em once home, and the Portion is paid, then let the straws and the feathers stick upon their Gowns, 'tis not a pin matter.

Nothing more delights the eye than Beauty; but let a handsome draggle-tail come in sight, and they cry, Fair and flutterish. What a pleasant comfort a man has of a wife that wallows about the house in her slip-shooes, and her Linen smelling like sowre Milk! Therefore 'tis a womans love to her Husband, that she is so earnest with him for fine Cloaths, that she may

be

be the more grateful acceptable to his sight : And what can be a greater comfort of Wed-lock, than the Love of a Wife ? A thing that they who want would purchase at any rate. Diamonds never shew their Value, but when they are apparell'd in Gold ; and then they are admir'd by all. Proper attire, and becoming dress, are the life of Beauty.

And more than this, every one knows, 'tis not every mans luck to have a handsome, beautiful Wife ; some are pretty well, some are but so so, and some by my truly so homely, that as for their beauty you can hardly give 'em a good word. However, Art helps Nature ; and every one would by art correct the defects of Nature. Nay, it is their prudence to be earnest with their Husbands for those Assurances which Art requires to polish Nature, that they may keep themselves from the inconveniences of Contempt. For it is a hard matter for a woman to recover those unkindnesses which proceed from an eye that once begins to nauseate. Hence it follows, that one of the chief comforts of Marriage must be a wife well drest, for by that means she reconciles the eye that was perhaps offended and disgusted beholding her but just before unready.

Dress and Carriage strangely bewitch.  
 There is a charm in the very noise and  
 rustling of their Petticoats-- I have known,  
 when a Lady, at what time, which is not  
 long ago, that women wore flaps to their  
 shooes, when the noise of a Lady, perhaps  
 not altogether so handsom as *Venus*, com-  
 ing out of her Chamber, and graceful-  
 ly beating the stairs as she descended step  
 by step with her musical *slap, slaps*, has  
 kindled new fires in the Husband below,  
 though he had not been up above an  
 hour before. To which the rustling of the  
 Sattin Petticoat, is like the Base to the Tre-  
 ble, which produces such a charming har-  
 mony, that the Eye is in a manner over-  
 perswaded by the Ear, & believes that to be  
 a new face, which before seem'd not so plea-  
 sing; and by an officious flattery of the  
 fancie, still improving the discovery, till  
 it beget new flames and fresh desires.  
 Which renewing of love being a happi-  
 ness, and the aim of succeeding pleasure to  
 both parties, produced by the delightful  
 charm of Garb and Dres, plainly evinces  
 that the outward Ornaments of a Wife  
 must be a great comfort to a Married Man.  
 And no man can blanlie the importunity  
 of a Wife in that respect, when he finds  
 it so conduced to his satisfaction. Then

Then steps in that Moral Adagie to ingage him deeper in his opinion ; *Fine feathers make fine birds.* And who will not endure the horrid noise of a Parrot, or the chattering of a Jay , for the sake of their curious feathers ? which being so frequently experienc'd , certainly one would think a rational man should much sooner endure a little more than ordinary clamour from a Wife , for that which in the end brings him the greatest coimfort of Matrimony that can be, content of Mind ; and removes all those nuisances , which otherwise a satiated eye might apprehend.

*Juno*, the chiefest of all the Goddesses, is said to have chosen the Peacock for her peculiar Bird ; and why ? because of all other birds , that bird is the most sumptuously clad. And she is said of all the Goddesses, to be most gorgeous her self in her Apparel, as one that pick'd and cull'd the colours of her Knots and Ribbons , in imitation of Natures variety bestow'd upon that Bird. For which reason the Poets generally apparel her in a Mantle embroidered with the gaudy eyes of Peacocks tails. And all this to draw the wandring affections of *Jove* home to her self. Neither did *Jupiter* ever contradict her, though she were shrew-

ish enough too. But that was not all; he let her have her humour, as finding it renewed his affection to her, after all the change of other Women.

Every new Gown causes a new wedding day; for Women furnish themselves with new smiles and new caresses against that time. Pleasure it self grows irksome, when it continues still the same. The ebbings and flowings of Affection, enhance the price of it. Should men be always happy, they would never know they were so. 'Tis the same with rain and sun-shine, winter and summer. Those Countries are most pleasant, where the temper of the seasons, and the varieties of hot and cold, foul and fair, are most kindly intermix'd: and we find that foul weather is many times more desir'd and more acceptable than a serene skie, as being much more beneficial.

In like manner, if the Quarrel of a Wife be for the advantage of a Husband, if she murmur sometimes for the want of those things which may render her self to her Husband more gay and debonaire in her humour, and her person more graceful and alluring to his eye, a storm may now and then be born with, that produces such calm effects.

And

And this, by way of Doctrine and Use, may serve the more justly and severly to condemn those that run gadding to seek for change abroad , when he has so much variety at home. For most certainly, as the humour varies , the pleasure must be different. Female Insinuation having always had a knack to proportion the activity of their affection according to the nature of the gift which they receive ; and it is as common a thing to caper and dance out of content and satisfaction , as to leap for joy.

But what shall we say of those that regret the opening of their Purse-strings to legal Matrimony, yet never grudge the bottom of their Bags to an imperious and lavish Mistress ? As if it were not better to suffer a little under the severity , though somewhat more than ordinary expensive, of a lawful Wife, than to suffer the Martyrdom of an Estate, and to be hector'd out of their Gold by a prodigal Strumpet ? unjust to their Wives , and sottishly bewitch'd, to deny that to a lawful Wife, which they part withal with so much profuseness to the frowns of their Illegitimate Miss. And fools to themselves, to purchase forbidden Lust, at the dire expence

pence of Reputation and over-late Repentance. Yet such there are, that fret and fume, cry they cannot live a quiet hour at home, and bewail the sadness of their Condition, for a little Petticoat-importunity of their Wives, but patiently brook the reproaches of a tawdry Quean ; and when she expostulates the case, and gives him a Bill of her profuse demands, and cries, *Dam her, sink her, does he think she'll live with such a dog-rogue-Pimp as he, for ten pound a week;* creeps and cringes, and makes loud Protestations and Vows of advancing her Fortune, to appease her Counterfeit wrath. With which when she is a little mollified, though not vouchsaf'd the favour which he came for, away he trudges to this Shop and t'other Shop, and in a short time sends her in a whole Caravan of Silks and toys to consummate the atonement. And do you think that person was not most severely and unmercifully us'd by a *Daughter of Joy*, that when he had bargain'd with her for a nights dalliance for twenty pound, coming to tell the mony, and finding thirteen-pence-halfpenny wanting (for it was Maltsters Cash) forc'd him after he was half unstrip'd, to put on his clothes again, and go half a mile to bor-

row

row half a crown, to make up the sum, and when he had given it her for change, kept that too? Was not this an inhuman piece of Tyranny? & yet the poor *Inamorato* took it as patient as a lamb, when perhaps he would have lamented the parting with forty *Shillings* to the importunity of his wife, and thought himself undone to purchase a new *Nuptial* night from her at the expence of a single pair of *Stays*. Such men infinitely degrade themselves, as having lost the more noble Appellation of *Whoremasters*; and exchang'd it for the ignominious title of *Whore-son Slaves*. Some are such haughty *Roxelana's*, that upon the least disgust at a Tavern, they will throw the Quart-pot, Wine & all at the submissive *Mammamuchi*'s pate; nay, & call him Son of a Whore to boot, as if they had both tumbld in one belly: Yet he goes home & lies with her all that night, and takes no more notice of his wash'd Cravat, than onely, *Why were thou so nangry, Molly?*

Another sort there are, that rather than see their Wives go garbate and trim, can endure to live in the midst of stench and fluttery. However, they are contented, because the woman does not worry him, as he calls it, for fine Clothes. Perhaps because she was never so well bred as to know

how to wear 'em: 'twere ten thousand times better she did. For now she lives only to convince the world by its contrary, how great the comfort is which Wedlock receives from the love of Gallantry, and cleanly spruceness. However, something she would have, but knows not what; 'tis not her stirring about her house, and moyling drudgerie, that keeps her tatter'd and Cinder-woman-like. She keeps close in her stie, pouts and lowres, and sends this body and t'other body to the Devil, and will be neither sick nor well. Coming into her Chamber, the first glance of your eye gives you a prospect of her Close-stool open, and her Chamber-pot full-charged; as if she had that high Opinion of her self, that she were some Civet-Cat; or that all which came from her were nothing but Myrrh and Essence of Orange-Flowers. Draw the Curtains, and you behold her lying in a heap, like a Sea-coal-dunghil, but somewhat blacker; and 'tis a hard question to resolve, whether she durtied the sheets, or the sheets durtied her, for they are all alike, smock, head-geer and all; of the same complexion with a Staffordshire Forgers leather Apron. She looks so like a Witch, that you would almost

most think her the Walnut-colour'd Gyp-sie that murmur'd out the *Oracles of Delphos.* No body can dress her but *Hercules,* because she is tirst to be cleans'd ; and no body can cleanse her, but he that cleans'd the Augean Stable. Therefore she converses with no body, nor any body with her : Onely she has this good quality, that she is constant to her Husband, because no body else dares come near her.

You'll say I am run into the Extremes ; 'tis requisite women should go decent and neat, but not above their Husbands Estates. Who shall be judge of that ? the proof of the pudding, the man's undone ; yet no body can say, by his Wife. Or if a man have a mind to be undone for his Wife, what's that to any body ? his Marriage is never a whit the more discomfort to him, if he think it not so. And for the woman, she has no reason to complain ; she cannot eat her Cake, and have her Cake.

However, all this while, where is the discomfort of Marriage ? Marriage cannot be said to be the occasion of this man's un-doing or misfortune. Wedlock is too sacred an Institution, to be so scandalously reproach'd. But some men have got a trick to conceal the infirmities of their Estates,

flates 5.

states ; you shall never know what they are worth, till they break or dye. They will never let their wives understand the intrinsick Value of their Coffers, but boast continually of their gettings, and their incomes ; how much they got such a morning, how much such a day. And women proportion their demands according to the measures of what they hear or see ; believing what their Husbands swear and lie to is all Gospel. So that the men have no reason to be angry , if their credulous wives, desirous to credit their Husbands, and to keep up their Port and Quality, and therefore covetous of a little gay apparel, by which the world generally makes its conjecture, are so gentle and generous as to place and fix their own delight in their Husbands Reputation and advantage ; and may thank themselves if the women surpass the limits of their Abilities. For it is natural in all women of life and spirit, and refin'd Education, to love that which sets them forth to the best advantage, and renders them most amiable.

Neither must we expect that all women should be she-Philosophers , or so devoutly given, to throw off the love of pomp and vanity incident to youth , upon their being

being Married ; as if they were entring into a Nunnery, when they first entred their Husbands doors. Friends and Relations are not to be banish'd from the Habitations of Marryed men ; and it is better the wife should appear rather over garbated , than too mean ; rather lac'd , than patcht and greasie. And truly, as the times go , 'tis but reason that men should bestow a little more cost than ordinary , or than perhaps formerly they did, that we may be able to know the Mistress from the Maid, and not run into the mistake of saluting the servant for the woman of the House.

'Tis said, that Cloaths are a certain Indication of the Disposition of the person that wears them. A Woer in the addresses which he makes to his Mistress , may soon give a shrewd conjecture at her temper by her Habit. Pride, Prodigality, Sluttry, ill-nature, all discover themselves in her dress and carriage ; especially when she is in her full trim. Pride shews it self in richnes of Laces, prodigality in the vanity of Ribbons, and not knowing the price of what she wears when she is askt. Sluttry appears in tawdry , and ill nature in disorder and carelessness. So that if a man make an ill choice , 'tis his own fault.

Oh

Oh but the Charms of her face or her Portion are such, that he dyes for the sake of her black brows, or her fifteen hundred pounds, if he have her not. Then I hope if he have her, he has the main comfort of Matrimony he expected, not valuing all other inconveniences, compar'd to the possession of what he enjoys. Which being so, 'tis not just in him to come with his after-reckonings: nor is it any real cause of complaint or disquiet, that she duns him for the same Port and Garb, nay, though it be more, which she could have maintain'd without him. For women by Marriage expect to meliorate their condition, and not to loare the Sails of their Maiden-pomp. So that now enjoying his desir'd comforts, he ought to let the Woman have her comforts also, which she had so fairly paid for, by the surrender of her person and her Portion. If she have nothing certainly he Married purely out of love and affection, believing there was no great felicity or comfort in this world, beyond the possession of her person; and then I fear me, that person is forsworn every day, that does not give her more than she demands.

These

There is a story in *Matchiavel*, that a little before his time, the Devil came upon earth to choose him a wife, and that at length he found one out to his mind, and marryed her; but that among all the plagues with which she tormented him, there was none more put him to his plunges (being at a certain allowance from the grand master of Hell) than her Expences. What's this to the purpose? this is but one single instance, and one swallow does not make a summer. It may be the Devil met with his match. But we are not to bring a general accusation against Marriage, for the follies of a few.

Commend old stern *Cato* to the Female Sex. He was their friend in a corner, and said, that he that gave them offence was to be prosecuted with as much vehemence, as he that violated the Images of the Goddesses. We grant that some women may be extravagant and lavish; but set the Hares foot to the Goose giblets; compare the good that they do, with their little extravagancies, and see which surmount. We do not presently wring off a hens neck, for breaking a Venice-glass, because we expect she should lay us more eggs, and hatch us more Chickens of twice the value.

Neither

Neither does it follow, because a woman is a little expensive in Cloaths , that she may not be chaste , vertuous, and in other things sufficiently frugal too: there is a frugality in expence, and that frugal expence it is , that scatters the Coyn of a Nation, which hoarded up, does no body no good.

Wives are not impos'd upon men, but chosen ; and he is a fool, and betrays his own folly too, in lamenting an act of his own , of which he can never repent but in vain.

But she louts and pouts , she mumbles and grumbles all day , and at night turns tayl abed, and won't let him -----unless---- and all the reason in the world. For the wealth of a Family ought to be common to both. And therefore a wife has just cause to be offended, and to shew her disgust , if the Husband deny her that, which she has as much right to bestow on her self , as he has to give her. He denies her her due, and she denies him his. So that in this case, 'tis not the effect of Matrimony, but his own peevish injustice that occasions his disquiet. For, take away the cause, the effect ceases.

But she demands more than his Estate will produce. He toys and moyls , and

runs

rans and goes, and labours and sweats, and takes care, yet nothing will content her. Those things should have been concerted at first. However, 'tis a sign she had rather have it by fair than by fowl means; rather from him than from another. Otherwise, had she a design to be supply'd another way, she would never trouble him. If it be true which he says, that she does really overcharge him, has he not the law in his own hands? But this is the mischief on't, all men desire rich wives; and when they have them, know no bounds of moderation at first, but spend as if they thought the bag had no bottom. The woman, as she finds it at first, believes the same golden age will still continue. So that when she comes to be stinted, and finds the suddain alteration, no wonder she takes it impatiently, as one that not having seen the accompt stated, cannot be periwaded she has had her share in the dissipation of her fortune. Better it were then, that men would seek out wives suitable to their condition, and not run prolling after great Fortunes, not regarding the fitness of the person for their society and employment, but the largeness of the Portion, let her be otherwise Prodigal, or

Slut,

Slut , or what she will. The Boarding-Schools are ranlackt , & the Prerogative-Office rumag'd from one end to the other ; and if they hear of a prey, all the Arts and Inventions of the Devil , Midwives, Nurses, Chambermaids, and other subtle instruments of insinuation and temptation are set at work to ensnare the poor unthinking Gentlewoman. And what comes on't ? if the intelligence were real , Law-suits, Prosecutions, and Divorces. If not, quiet possession , the womans friends overjoy'd they are rid of her, and when all comes to all, both cheated. Then after the heat is a little over, the main businels begins to be scann'd ; inquiry is made , tip-toe expectations on both sides. But when the lame discovery comes limping out , then how is the darling of his Soul cursed and bann'd , and the Match-maker damn'd , and the deaf devil invok'd to take 'em both ! But there is no remedy ; the Thumb is ring'd , that must not long enjoy that golden Hoop ; and so the deluded Couple consume away in unpaid-for Lodgings , and the poor Chandlers debt.

Sometimes two grave Beard-stroakers meet with their *Legem pone-Law* , and at length conclude a Match by way of bar-

gain

gain and sale ; and so the young Couple  
are at last marryed by Indenture.

But if any inconveniences arise from  
these corruptions of Matrimony , they are  
not to be lookt upon as the discomforts of  
lawful Wedlock , but as the punishments  
of rash and greedy riot , or the long ex-  
perienc'd inconveniences of *Smithfield-bar-  
ter*.

But lawful Matrimony , which is the ef-  
fect of choice and mature consideration of  
the mutual temper and affection of both  
parties, that's the true Matrimony , that  
seldome misses the end it aims at ; where  
differences between Husband and Wife, like  
discords in Musick, render the harmony of  
their society more sweet and delectable ;  
and where those little quarrels about new  
Gowns and Petticoats do but whet the  
Appetite , or else awak'n the slumbring  
kindness of the Husband.

As for stealing of Fortunes , and tolling  
of wives in the Market ; they are Matches  
generally of Monsieur Satans making ; and  
therefore if they be accompani'd with  
ruine and misfortune, 'tis no great wonder.  
For Vertue, Honour, Chastity, Diligence, and  
good Education , are the chief Dowrie to  
be lookt after in a wife. And for such, let  
them

them wear Tissue, if they desire it; and they'l never desire it, if it may not be afforded them.

---

T H E  
Second Real Comfort  
O F  
**Matrimony:**

**B**UT the Charge does not end it seems in this; there are other Expences of another nature; Stratagems and Collusions of Gossips one among another, that make the poor mans night-cap fit uneasie. And this Expence is of a long continuance, from the first Quickning, to the last ceremony of Churching. But here, give me leave to tell ye, beloved, that if there be any discomfort in Marriage, 'tis the woman that feels it, and not the man.

The rolling and tumbling of the little *Embryo*, twinges her every moment; the qualms of breeding run through every vein of her body, more particularly af-

fecting

fecting the stomach , and occasioning that squeamish nice ness of Appetite that re quires a more curious and agreeable nourishment and refreshment , as well for the Infant as the Breeding woman . Nature also busie in the framing of a new Creature , produces strange operations in Female fancy , which if it be not satisfid with the enjoyment of those objects which it has fix'd upon , is the occasion many times of great detriment to the Mother by frequent Miscarriage , and great disfigure ment to the Child . And then is time for a woman to try the affection of her Husband , who must be thought very unkind to venture the life of his dearest Consort for the want of two or three plump Par tridges , or the corner of a Venison Pa stie . It would be a mercy unseasonably shewn to his new shoes , or the soles of his feet , to grutch the trudging , though it were ten miles a foot , to obtain so slight a satisfaction to a tender wife , suffering for the sake of his own pleasure . Certainly if there be any content in the delicacy of Viands , that happiness is enhanc'd ; and a man can have no greater comfort in Matrimony , than to feast and junket with his wife , his best Companion , and his dearest friend .

It

It is but an ordinary piece of gratitude to indulge the Palate of a teeming woman, and to alleviate the throws of Conception and Maturation with the slender gratification of a few kick-shaws, knowing how great the return of the fruit which she bears, will be at the end of her time. If nothing less will serve her than a wash-bowl of Claret, if she has a mind to confound a whole Sive of Kentish Cherries, or to deprive a roasting Pig of his Ears, and know them off upon her knees from the spit, where's the discomfort of Matrimony in all this? There's ne'r a man in the world that cares to see his Daughter depriving her sweet-heart of his full kiss, by reason of the piece wanting in her harelip: Or to fee a red spot over-spreading his Sons check, as if Nature had wrapt him up in natural Scarlet, for a continual pain in the Gums. And all this for want of a pitiful forty shillings-worth of green pease in *April*. Men never consider the Crowns and Angels they throw away in their pot-revelling, and Healthing it at the Tavern; their Collations at the *Rummer*, with Salmon and old *Hock*, their Hashes and Potages at the *Birchin-lane*; while they grudge the poor Teeming women

woman at home , under the affliction of their nocturnal satisfaction , the bare solace of a single Cony , and a penny white-loaf.

Oh ! ----but then there must be a new *Alkove* , with a deep Silk Fringe ; there must be a Scarlet Satten Mantle for the new-born Babe , with a broad gold and silver bone-lace ; there must be a Court-Cupboard cover'd with Tankards and Caudle-cups of Goldsmiths work ♀ and then the Gossips come in in shoales , and devour like *Æthiopian Locusts*. There must be Neats-Tongues , and Westphalia Hams , piles of Oranges and Lemmons , and Mountains of *Woodstreet Plum-cakes*. Neither must the French and Spanish Juyces be wanting to wash these sorrows from their Female Hearts. The women prate and chat and tattle too , and give ill Counsel , and bad Instructions. They discover by what means and ways they obtained it , and what an Arbitrary power they have at home . Now where's the discomfort of *Matrimony* in all this ? here's nothing but mirth and comfort it self ; pure rejoicing for the birth of a Man-child . Would you be willing to be Landlord to a Comfit-maker , and not have him pay his Rent ?

Then

Then for Gossips to meet, nay to meet at a lying in, and not to talk, you may as well dam up the Arches of *London-Bridge*, as stop their mouths at such a time. 'Tis a time of freedom, when women, like Parliament-men, have a priviledge to talk Petty Treason. And he's an *Ignoramus* of a Husband, that will not pass an act of oblivion for the Trespasses of a Christning Banquet.

Women are sociable Creatures as well as men; and if they can't talk Philosophy, they must talk of that which they better understand.

I never heard but of one man, an *Italian* Painter, who was made believe that he was with Child; who was so apprehensive of the trouble and pangs of Delivery, that having but a hundred pound in all the world, he gave it all a Physitian for a distill'd water of fat Capons, and other Ingredients, to cure him of his burden. The fellow that had his Brother growing out of his side, found it an unmerciful trouble to lug him about.

Men must acknowledge that women have done them a most extraordinary kindness, to ease them of that ponderous weight of Infant-carriage. And therefore

since

since they have all the trouble, 'tis fit they should have some retaliation and alleviation of their pains. And therefore they that make these Expences the *discomforts* of *Matrimony*, are onely such as desire an end of the world for want of Procreation. For they are such necessary and incumbent appurtenances to the act of Generation, that you may as well separate the Sea from a mouth of a River, as part expence from the Chamber of Delivery. For man is Lord of the world, and of all the Creatures, and therefore it is fit that as much of the Creature as may be, should attend him at his first entry. These are therefore laudable Expences; and there can be no discomfort in doing that which is laudable and honourable.

These are nothing to the discomforts of the secret sinner. The first thing that salutes him in a morning, going to drink his mornings draught, (and he had need of it, Heaven knows, to wash sorrow from his heart) is an old woman, that drops him a curtsey, and gives him a little piece of Foul Paper, ill folded up, and seal'd with the end of a Thumb. Sir, quoth she, it comes---well, well, I know, 'tis sufficient, ---well; but Sir, quoth she, ---well---well

---no more, quoth he.---But Sir,----and then she gives him the doltful whisper,---  
*The Gentlewoman is in great distress for want of Money; she expects every hour, and the people threaten to turn her out of her Lodging.*  
 ---Oh the comforts of Whoring then, how they slide to his benumm'd heart, and carry a chilness through his blood, like the  
 juuce of Henbane! Ale will not then go down; a Tost and Sack must be the Cordial, which taken liberally at first, causes him to indulge himself into a forgetfulness of the businels for that day. But the next morning, fresh Terreours assaile his thoughts. Sometimes he thinks he sees a little bundle of unfortunate Innocence lying at his door; sometimes he believes he sees the same witherd-fac'd Messenger that brought him the first Letter discouering with his wife; loss of Reputation amoles him. The verry thoughts of a Church-warden, and finding Security, drives him almost to despair. Well, something must be done. Away he takes a disconsolate march about the Streets, and at length the sign of the Cradle in a by-hole, revives his drooping Soul. In he goes, and fortunately finding the she-professor of Iniquities Mystery, to her unfold's his deplorable misfortunes. The

dc-

demands run high, besides Lodging and Candles, a dry and a wet Nurse, and all ready money, no faith. And that pinches hard, to pay so high for illegitimate Touch and go. *Summa totalis* 200*l.* and a weekly Contribution of four shillings, besides Barrows, Cloots, Coats, diminutive shooes, Sugar and Candles. All things concluded, in pops the light Houswife in the dark out of her close Sedan, and goes for the wife of a bad Husband gone beyond Sea; only the compassion of her friend is such, that his charity will not let her want.

All this while there is no contract or bargain that will bind these Purse-sucking bauds; for the threatening to lay the Child at the door, is such a terrible thunder-clap to his ears, and the Jades do so haunt him, that he may be truly said to live a continual slave to their necessities: which must of force be a great consolation to his mind over the left shoulder.

Whereas the Expences belonging to the lawful Marriage-bed, bring no such vexations to the Mind, as being only the occasion of mirth and jollity among the Neighbourhood, and gain the reputation of generosity and kindness to the Husband.

And thus you find the Country Farmers feast their Harvest-folks and Sheep-shearers after their work is over. The endurance of pain and travel that brings advantage, ought to be recompenced to the full. And it is not the kind and becoming Treatment of a Wife, to retaliate her yearly presents of lawful Issue, that can disquiet a loving Husband, but the paying for a Bastard, and the subjection he lives in to the concealers of his Infamy, that canse a fermentation in his thoughts, and make his very life uneasy to him.

I had almost forgot one thing more; there's the Spiritual Court too, if he have not a great care to prevent it, will have a considerable fleece from his back to boot. And is't not a great comfort to a man, d'ye think, to stand in the face of his whole Parish, and more Spectators than came to hear the Parson, lapt up in a white sheet all but his face, as Spirits walk by midnight? and all for sporting between un-lawful sheets, which though two to one, will never be able to wipe off the disgrace of the single shroud! So great a blenish may a man receive froth white as well as from charcoal black, while the white sheet discovers what the white sheets were made to

to conceal. My dear friends consider these things.

# T H E Third Real Comfort O F Matrimony,

**W**ell----and what then? ---why when a man has got a woman within the Pale of Matrimony, she is then like a Mifs of Porridge. And there is no man has got his dish of broath well crumm'd and season'd for his own Palate, but will be very angry if another come with his long spoon to eat it up from him. The most surly maintainer of *Liberty and Property*, in the case of Matrimony, will not allow those two words to associate together; for assuming all the property to himself, he will not admit of any liberty to the woman.

If a Gentleman with a Sword by his side, and flaring Cravat, with Fring'd Gloves,

Gloves , be observ'd to visite his wife, presently 'tis look'd upon as an ill sign : if he Coach her abroad , 'tis ten times worse , for that, by the custom of the City , the women are never to shew their best cloaths but onely on Sundays , or upon solemn invitations to Burials and Christnings . The Vicinity being thus in an uproar , some cunning, Mantissimus busie-body or other undertakes, out of good will, as he calls it, to come and give his Neighbour prudent advice, as being a young man that had not seen the world ; and so most gravely and right reverendly, over the expence of eight brass farthings , at a penny club, forewarns and admonishes him of the mischiefs that hang over his head.

This friendly advice puts a hundred maggots into the Husbands head , when Heaven knows , all was well before. So that if the poor man be troubled afterwards with a ringing in his ears, or worms in his pate , he may thank that impertinent intelligence of his officious neighbour , and not his wife for it. For it argues a great folly in a man , not to bid such an impertinent admonitor go about his own busyness ; rather choosing to liye free from tittle tattle , and to stand fair in the

the opinion of the flipperous Town-Fley  
bergebits, than to keep himself quiet at  
home, by letting his wife go abroad now  
and then with a friend.

'Tis observ'd, that women seldom think ill, till their Husbands dream it first. By trusting a woman, you lay an obligation upon her; by distrusting her, you put her upon those little revenges which perhaps she never thought of before. Thus it was the great argument which the *Spanish Lady* us'd to her self, that she had not done much amiss to admit her Page into her Bed, because she knew that her Husband was a bed with an Inn-keepers Daughter of the Town, at the same time. So that he who keeps his wife under a causeless restraint, lays the trains himself that blow up his content, and then lays the fault upon Matrimony.

He that carries her to a Feast, must be her gallant; that's indubitable. But he that carries her to a Play or a Ball, commits abomination, and is presently to be Excommunicated from the House. So ready are the *Mate-spiers* in other peoples eyes, to squander away the content and reputation of their Neighbours; and yet would be the first that would complain,

were they so hamper'd themselves.

Therefore say the Doctors in Love-Affairs, that a woman which is kept as it were under lock and key, and made to renounce all her former acquaintance after Marriage, is half gain'd: and your true gamesters must generally prey where controul and tyranny are most sowre and severe.

But these Kinsmen, you'll say, are no Kinsmen, but men in the shape of Kinsmen; and what ever the pretence be, the design is quite another thing, and the Kinsman and the wife concert together. Why, look ye for this, 'tis a general custom in England, and many other places, when Locks go hard to oyl 'em. If the humour of a morose Husband be so stingie and rustie, that it will not easily give way, it must be oyl'd with fair pretence and clever invention. 'Tis a happiness to him, that he has not Marry'd the contempt of the world, but that he has a wife who deservedly merits the respect of others besides himself. There is no man that has any thing of generosity, but that to some, and at some times, lends out the most pretious part of his wealth, his Horse, his silver-hilted Sword, and his Guineys to boot.

SIDW

And

And is it such a piece of matter sometimes to lend out the good company and cheerful society of his wife, so long as she's safely returned again? Should men be bound to confess the cheats and shams they put upon their wives, when they have been potting and piping, and *Shovel-boarding* it till twelve a clock a night, and pretend they have been dunning this Knight, or t'other Lady, they would think it a hard case. 'Tis nothing for a man that has been a Caterwawling all day, and comes home with a weeping Flagelet, to tell her a story of straining his back in taking a ditch after a Hare; but the mollified excuse of a Kinsman to go abroad with her, must be a crime never to be forgiven. For it must be a Kinsman, or else her Lord and Master will not let her go. As if a Kinsman were such a guard to womans honesty, when if we rightly consider'd it, the Proverb tells us, *The nearer akin, the deeper in.* So then 'tis not the going abroad, nor the going abroad with a Kinsman, which is the discomfort of Matrimony; but 'tis his own fears and suspitions that muddle his brains.

If I lend my gay Sword to a friend, and he happens to wound another in a Duel.

with it, yet if he return it bright and clear, my Sword is never the worse. What the eye sees not, the heart never rues; why should then a man torment himself, when he cannot perceive the least injury done him; noe so much as the value of a hair taken from him? On the other side, it is the comfort of Matrimony, that a man is the owner of a wife admir'd for her Converse and Education, which signify little, unless communicated to several, and not singly to one. Men do not marry to bury their wives alive in a house; and it is an ornament to their Husbands Reputation, when they do not make themselves contemptible by silly behaviour, but respected for their complaisance and acceptable freeness. And a man had better be over-indulgent to his wife in point of liberty, than be accounted her Jayler. In short, 'tis a greater comfort of Matrimony to have a wife that loves to go abroad, rather than one that lyes lurking at home. For she that keeps her kennel, is a continual spie over his actions, and has always a *whither* *go ye* at her tongues end; whereas the t'other lets the man take his lopes as she takes hers.

*and* *of* *her* *husband* *or* *her* *husband* *But*

But who can keep his Mistress from gad-  
ding, though he pay her never so well? Where's your Empire and Dominion there  
Sir? she scorns the domineering Cully,  
values not his fowre looks, nor ~~comes~~ to  
ask leave. But has her Chariots at her  
wink to trundle her about the Town among  
her Jacks and her Jills, while she stridicks  
away the souls of his untruly meat. Fatal  
scaperlbytring sometimes, that fitquent-  
ly brings the lascivious Prodigal more than  
Circumcis'd from the Surgeon, and  
sends him Noseless to the grave.

THE  
**Fourth Real Comfort**  
 OF  
**Matrimony.**

**B**ut now, *Matrimony*, have at thee with a swinging blow. Thou art the Product of Children, and the worst of Children, Daughters that live and grow up, and expect Portions, and the Devil a cross there's for 'em. However, besides the Charge of the Boarding-School, there must be fine Cloaths to quicken the Market ; and the Mother would fain be a Grandmother, but cannot. And this, they pretend, breeds ill blood, wrangling, and snarling, and quarrelling, and twits and taunts, and I know not what disorder in a Family. But they must certainly be a very weak sort of women, that make these disturbances, and consequently very few : nor ought they indeed to be disturbances to any man of reason. For the comfort of *Matrimony* is.

is so great in the having of Children, that it surmounts all other Considerations; And he that has the greatest stock, may be said to have a vast Estate of his own Flesh and Blood. But the real discomforts of Marriage then clamour loudest, and give the bitterest twinges to the heart, when the man is reproached for his Impotency, or the woman tax'd for imperfection, which puts the woman into such a passion, that she never relits till she has found where the fault lies. And I hope that woman cannot blame her Husband for not providing for that which is none of his own. Therefore you see the Form of the English Matrimony starts a notable Question about the *Impediment*; to shew that the end of Marriage is the Generation of Children, not of Cloaths nor Portions. Yet those are Circumstances not to be altogether forgotten neither. However, the great Lady that call'd all her Gallants to her bed-side when she lay a dying, and assign'd to every one his share, is a convincing Argument that a man may toil and moil, and care and care, and when he has done, bestow the sweat of his brows in the wrong Christmas-box. Let a man be sure not to fail a woman in the main poynt of the *Impediment*, and he may

may be sure he has some, though not all, nay it may be his share in all; let 'um share all alike higgledy piggledy, give 'um good breeding and good Education. She that carries that to her Husband, carries a Portion as good as a Thousand pounds. Her skill in raising a Turkey or a Goose-Pye, is clearly to be valu'd at the rate of two hundred pound; her knowledge in marketing is worth two hundred pounds more, and her skill in preserving at the other hundred pound; there's as good as five hundred pound of the Kings best Coyn in England. Portions ruine more than they make: He that marries a wife for the Portions sake, buys a Concubine, does not marry a wife. Do but let us have good Protestant Nunneries to lay up the lame and the deformed, and then divide the Money to the Sons, and you shall quickly see the young brisk Lads pick and pull out the rest, as we do Cherries, till there be none left. If it be the discomfort of Matrimony, that a man is not able to give his Daughter a Portion, 'tis a greater discomfort to him to see his Daughter return'd upon his hands, like a Bromig-bam-groat, after the consumption of his Benevolence; which if he had never had to part withal, he had never been

been under that discomforſt. Neither is it ſafe always to diuulge what a man intends to give his Daughters; for if that be once given out, then comes one smooth-chin'd ſlipſtring or other, and makes a Pye-couer eſurance of his affection upon her belly.

There are ſome young Damsels that take too much notice of Men, when they turn to the wall, bandis that very catchily too, to make water; which puts 'em into ſuch an uncontroulable paſſion, that for haste they fall in leageue with the Groom or the Butler, and run away with 'em.

There are ſome men that will fit at a Tavern and take noff glaſs for glaſs with their pin-feathor'd Sons, and never rebuke 'em, when they hear 'em cry—God---me, Sir, you don't drink fair, be---G--- Sin, I drank laſt. Some there are that make it their ſport, and look on without offence, to ſee the young Squire kifs and tumble the Vintners Cook-maid before their faſces,

Now theſe are all *hopeful*, as they call 'em, ſuch as may be eaſily thought can ſhift for themſelves without Portions ſo ſlight as can ſwim in the world without the bladders of Dowries and Annuities. He tolled  
And therefore neyer let men or women trouble

trouble their brains about Portions ; for if their Sons and their Daughters are ~~not~~ <sup>any</sup> sensible of their inability, they can ~~find~~ <sup>another</sup> way to the wood of themselves. Women are not aware that fine Cloaths, and the assurance of Portion, spoil the Daughters Sunday-Devotion at Church. And then for the Week-day Morning-prayers, a lac'd Night-rail and a long scarf sets 'um equal with the best. And what occasion have they of gadding any farther abroad ?

Therefore 'tis no discomfort of Matrimony to be ~~wife-dam'd~~ for Childrens Portions ; for the recreation and pleasure is as great to see the Ingenuity of his Children in shifting for themselves, as to stand upon the foyl, and see a Hat dance and double before the Hounds.

If all this will not stop the Womans mouth, the man may tell her That the Lacedemonians made a Law that no man should give any Portion with his Daughter. It may be she'll say, she does not care a fig for the Lacedemonians ; Then you may tell her what good Ladye Pens was, who permitted the Cyprian Dumbels to suffer all strangers to make use of their bodies till they had got enough to marry.

'um.

'um honestly ; and ask her how she likes this Project for her Daughters ? For if a woman will have a Portion for her Daughter where it cannot be had, she must fetch it out of the fire. When the young bird's flown, the old one never takes farther care of her. You never knew an old Rook give a Portion to the young ones, onely you may find they gave 'um good learning and Education, and so leave 'um. Observe but the Temple-Garden. Therefore, O most indulgent Mothers, cease your Clacks, and let not Matrimony be reproached for your sakes, with a discomfort, which well considered brings both delight and advantage to your Husbands.

---

THE

THE  
Fifth Real Comfort  
OF  
**Matrimony.**

Come, come, ---- we'll soon determine  
 this Controversie; Here's an old old  
 man has married a young young woman;  
 and because he cannot give her the least  
 content, she seeks for aid and assistance else-  
 where. As I told you before, 'tis a nota-  
 ble question, that in the Form of Marriage,  
 about the *Impediment*. The Husband is  
 called to answer for himself, and the  
 standers by are bid and charg'd to speak  
 their minds; yet not one will open his  
 mouth, when they know the old Dottrel to  
 have no more pith in his back than an El-  
 der-gun. And thus the young Gentlewo-  
 man, all fire and high-mettel'd, is deluded  
 and frustrated of all her Expectations.  
 And this is a wrong not to be repair'd by  
 all the Darling-Gold in his Coffers. Her  
 Parents

Parents might have as well have married her to an Eunuch, or the Statue of Priapus.

'Twas a most insufferable injury done to one of the most flourishing Beauties in one of the adjoyning Counties, for a Gentleman to marry her when he was not onely impotent, but defective. I tell ye this, to shew ye the Convenience of Lyngur's Law about Deputy-Kinsmen. However, such was the modesty of the Lady, that she never discover'd her misfortune, and so dy'd a married Virgin. He might have gone over ten Counties, and not have met with such a Phoenix.

Say you, the remedy is worse than the disease, 'tis contrary to Law. I will not argue the point of Law, but I say, there are pregnant excuses that mollifie and extenuate the fact. Here is a disappointment of Nature in self's, there is the loss of offspring, and the highest violation imaginable of the Nuptial Bed. Now give me leave to tell ye a Story; for I think I have one fit my budget fit for the purpose.

There was a very fine Lady that liv'd in a great City of Italy, who had the misfortune to be taken in the arms of her Lover. Her Husband like an old fool

grew

grew horn-maid presently, and would needs  
 take the severity of the Law against her,  
 which was no less than Death. There  
 wanted no pbrof you may be sure on the  
 Husbands part ; however, the Lady came  
 very clearly off, by her own discretion. For  
 said she to the Judge, Pray ask my Hus-  
 band, whether ever I deny'd him the satis-  
 faction of my body whenever he requir'd  
 it ? The Husband confess'd what she said  
 to be very true. Well then, my Lord, re-  
 plied the Lady, what should I have done  
 with the over-plus that remain'd in my  
 own power ? Should I have cast it away,  
 like the Elders Maid ? Was it not better  
 for me to pleasure a worthy Gentleman  
 that was ready to dye for love of me, than  
 a surfeited Husband, that had ten times  
 more than he knew what to do withal ?  
 Where lies now the discomfort of an old  
 mans marrying a young Lady all fire and  
 tow ? He lies at sack and Manger, and has  
 his full swinge of all the pleasure and com-  
 fort that he is in any possibility capable of.  
 'Tis the poor Lady that suffers a continual  
 famine, that lies yawning and stretching  
 for more ; but all in vain : the springs of  
 life and vigour are all dried up. Limbernels  
 and Frigidity are the onely fuel that feed

her youthful flames. Her amorous fires kindled by the Embers of his drooping years, grow violent, and prey upon her lusty blood. And is it not time to call out for help, when hardly the spout in a Whales neck will serve to send forth streams sufficient to quench her inward fires? Nor can ye blame her for the refusal of his conjugal Kindness at some times. For as he is her Husband, she is not bound to kill him with over-ding. She has more good Nature. Or if by flattery and dalliance she milk the udders of his Golden Heifers, 'tis but reason he should pay for his pleasure, who can afford her no other Retaliation.

If she seek her relief with prudence and secrecy, 'tis but common discretion; and she may be allow'd to take fees w<sup>th</sup> both hands, when no body can determine the cause but herself.

He that cannot keep Shop by himself, may be glad of a Copartner to joyn with him. And my may be a Question, whether he that neglects the aid of necessary accessories in this curse, may not be said to be a *felo de se*, and to be the occasion of her own death, by confining her self to the steams

steams of a Church-yard all night, and all day conversing with a walking Charnel-House. These are not only discomforts, but terrors and affrights: and you may commend her valour too; as well as her patience, to saye with an apparition.

But what may we think of those decrepit half-pint Lechers, who being as sapless as a dry'd Fennel-stalk, yet you may dog them shuffling along with their thickling hams, till they pop into one of their old hauns of iniugity. Where they call for Vice to come in Sin, for forgetting alius former Lessons of Lasciviousnes. While the sturdy Queen belabours their buttocks, till their impotent wimble peep out of their bellies to beg a reprieve for their Tayls.

There are some that when their other Tackle fails 'em, lye to fornicate with their eyes. And such a one was he, that when he could hardly draw his legs after him, but with the help of two Church-pillars instead of Gouches, yet could not rememb're to make his evening mites to apprehension. But this house is the Tossy, where his owne slight was, over two black pots of Ale, nor bold to touch the naked Hatchies of a strapping black-horned Queen, which he smelt.

all

all daub'd with fat as she stood opposite to him, bolt upright in the Chimney, like the Idol Moloch, all bedript with the fat of his Infant-Offerings.

I could tell ye of another grave Father in sin, whose invention was much more odd and fantastical, and much more chargeable. For he had always a leath, or a leath and a half, of young Queans in his pay, whom he always treated in a great room, with a roasting fire, and a Table furnish'd with all the Delicates of the Poulterers shops. Where when they came to supper, they were to enter and sit down as naked as they were born, and fall to merrily, while he as naked as they, crept under the Table, and there lay *erring* and *snarling* like a Dog, and snapping sometimes at their shins, and sometimes at their feet, sometimes at their thighs, and cranching the bones which they threw him down from their Trenchers.

Now if it be such a discomfort of Matrimony for an impotent Curmudgeon that has Marry'd a vigorous Damsel to her infinite injurie, to admit of a friendly Coadjutor, here are pleasant remedies and inventions found out for him, which he may make use of for the ease and solace of

of her discontent ; but never let him be disquieted at what his young brisk and dissatisfy'd wife does ; when he is the only occasion of all she does himself.

Rather, if an old Hunk without life or vigour, have such an inclination to leachery, let him in imitation of the former examples, please those lenses which are least defective, and not go about to make a young and better-deserving Gentlewoman's life miserable and loathsome to her, where she expects her greatest felicity and enjoyment.

Letters are now being sent to every voter in the nation by the American Legion, asking them to support the resolution to prohibit the sale of alcohol. The resolution has been introduced in Congress by Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, and would prohibit the sale of all intoxicating liquors.

THE  
Society, where the following principles had been  
announced by Dr. John Brown, a member of the  
Society, were to be held in view. "A society to be  
organized for the promotion of the principles of  
Christianity, to be called the Christian Society,  
and to be composed of persons who believe in  
the truth of the Christian religion, and who  
are willing to conform to the discipline of the  
Christian Church." The Society was organized  
in 1837, and has since increased rapidly, and  
now numbers over 100,000 members.

T H E

# Sixth Real Comfort

O F

# Matrimony.

What's the matter now? why now we're all to pieces again. Here's a wife with a wannion,----she'l dine when she pleases, she'l sup when she pleases; nay, she'l neither dine nor sup when she pleases: she'l command the servants, be Mistress of Mis-rule; she questions all comers and goers, breaks open her Husbands Letters,---Hoyda,---and what of all this? why 'tis the greatest discomfort as can be, to have such a woman as this. Now is not this Husband a Ninnie to complain of such a wife? 'tis pitty exchange is not permitted by the Law. Why there are men that would give him their own wives, and a thousand pound to boot, for such a woman as this. By my Fakins he's shrewdly hurt, to have a wife that frees him from all his Family-cares. Who should question peoples

D

pleſeſ business, but ſhe who is able to give  
 'em an answer? who ſhould command his  
 ſervants, but ſhe who has authority ſo to  
 do? But ſhe won't eat her dinner,---why  
 then let her let it alone. You may be ſure  
 ſhe'l never starve her ſelf; and having ſuch  
 a command i' the Houſe, ſhe knows the  
~~way to the cupboard her ſelf.~~ But me with  
 him. Then let him eat by himſelf: it  
 ſhews great and Majestical, ſo that his ſer-  
 vants be but about him. But ſhe breaks  
 open his Letters. What? are they *Billet doux's*, or affiſnatiōns? if they be, he's a  
 fool to let them coine home to his Houſe.  
 For 'tis the nature of women to be peeping;  
 and the Poet ſays, Though you thrust na-  
 ture back with a Pitch-fork, ſhe will re-  
 turn.

But that which grieves him moſt, is, that  
 ſhe is ſo stingie and waspifh, notwithstanding  
 all his courtiſhip and kindness. Alas! that  
 does but feed the humour. 'Tis like  
 drinking Claret to cure ſore Eycs.  
 Womens humours are like the Gout. You  
 may uſe a thouſand remedies, and all to  
 no purpose, till the pain and ſwelling wear  
 off of themſelves. Besides, you may be  
 certain, whatever humour poſſeſſes a wo-  
 man, that humour pleaſes her. Therefore  
 let

let her enjoy it ; 'tis not the part of a kind Husband to court her out of it.

However, this is a most horrible discomfort, not to be deny'd ; when a man sends home to his wife before-hand, and desires him to make provision, because he has some very good friends to come and sup with him. And what then ? why then shall she like an undutiful slut as she is, neglect all his commands, and not only makes no provision, but sends all the servants out of the way on purpose, to the utter disappointment of him and his friends. Why look ye, if a man wants Government, he must blame his own folly, not his wife. 'Tis the opinion in such a case of some great Doctors, that a man may take his wife *to task*, as the world has a genteel soft word for it, to prevent the like miscarriage another time. Daily experience tells us, that when men find their bodies over charged with ill humours, they are forc'd to exercise a sort of kind cruelty upon their own flesh, and to cut holes in their Armes, Thighs, Legs, and Temples, to let out those ill humours, with the waft of their life-blood. The same reason then that prevails with a man not to spare cruelty to himself, may excuse him if with

more moderation, he onely take his wife to task.

Two Gentlemen travelling upon the road, came at length to a place where they found a Carrier belabouring the sides of a damn'd restie Mare, that would neither go backward nor forward, as if he had been sheathing a Ship with sheet-lead. The Gentleman pitying the poor beast, desired the Carrier to be less passionate. The Carrier bid them meddle with their own business, for he knew his Mares disposition better than they. The same night one of the Gentlemen invited his friend home with him, and desired his wife to provide him a handsome Treatment, and told her what he would have; but when Supper came to be serv'd up, there was not only nothing of what he expected, but every thing ill drest and out of order. Thereupon, the Gentleman after Supper, in the presence of his friend, took his wife to task, and was so severe, that his friend rebuk'd him, as they had both rebuk'd the Carrier. But the Gentleman returning the Carriers answer, went on, taking his wife to task, till he brought her both to submission and promise of amendment. You'll say this was Carrier-like. Oh, Sir, you are mistaken,

ken ; there's a delight in Correction, that tickles some men extreamly. Else the Presbyterian Parson would never have taken so much pleasure as he did, in whipping his Maid. Pedagogues delight in lashing, and are glad when a Boy commits a fault, that they may be at their beloved sport. And were it the fashion for Schoolmasters to teach Female Scholars, you should find more whipping than there is.

Well, but on the other side, perhaps the woman may be in no fault neither. For how does she know but that they may be a company of Town-cheats, that have a design to dip themselves in her Husband's shop-book ; or else such a sort of wanton Canary-birds, that have wheaded her Husband to give them a treatment at his house, to get an opportunity to make an Intreague with his wife ? and therefore she does discreetly to keep out of their way, and lock herself up in her Chamber. That woman is highly to be commended many times, that retires her self, to avoid the opportunities of temptation. You may be sure there's something i'the wind when your flippeting Gallants are so desirous to go home with a man. For otherwise,

could not he as well have given 'em a Treat A-la-mode at the Tavern , as trouble his wife with a Supper ? And another thing is, men cannot be so merry in womens company ; 'tis not so proper to swear and tell baudy stories in the presence of the Mistress of the House , as when they're among themselves . Now where's the discomfort of Matrimony, because a woman will not expose her self to the inconvenience of these perilous times ?

But for a poor-spirited Ouf to be cow-baby'd by his Punk ; to let her cog and flatter out of him not only his own, but the secrets of his wife ; to let her be familiar with his Pockets , read his Notes and Letters , and understand the depth of his concerns ; to sit in her Chamber cursing , banning , plaguing and poxing his wife , to make Musick in her Ears ; to let her break his pate, and burn his Perriwig ; nay , and which is worse , to maintain a Strumpet under his wives nose , in her own house , and turn her out of her own bed , to make room for his imperious Harlot ; to let her be the *Domina fac totum* , and Mistress of mis-rule over Wife, Servants, and himself , and all : These are the precious comforts of Whoring, beloved, that may be

be born with, when the sullen look of a wife must be reckon'd among the Fifteen Discomforts of Matrimony.

Most certainly such a woman lives under all the discomforts imaginable, to see a ranting Concubine usurping her authority, and ruling the rost within her own Territories. No man can suffer any such inconveniences from the pouting and scowling of a wife. Neither are men so fise from peevish and morose themselves, that they should think a little doggedness in their wives such a terrible calamity. Physicians give those Medicines which are proper for the distemper. And many times a woman finds her Husband very costive in the Purse. Now if a Husband be such a Coxe, to let his wife understand his infirmity, and that a dram or two of *pawting* will put him into a *kind-hearted looseness*, you may be sure she'll never forgo her *Probatum est*. I had rather a woman should frown and hang the lip, then colleague and flatter; for under that grass lurks the most dangerous Serpent.

A woman that only scowles and lowts, has but one string to her bow; and a little train of resolution defeats her: but the cunning tongue-pad Slut, like a Mole of a

Gypsie, undermines the very heart of a man, and blows up all his constancy. Sullenness is only a tryal of skill, and may miss as well as hit. But flattery is meer Witchcraft, and unresistable. Sullenness puts a man to ask the reason, and many times he finds it : But flattery admits of no consideration. Good Government prevents sullenness; but flattery is a charme against discretion.

---

THE

T H E  
Seventh Real Comfort  
O F  
**Matrimony.**

**A**nd is it possible that a woman should live so long honest with her Husband, and turn drab at last? However here's but a piece of a discomfort; the Scene changed; exit Wife, enter Devil. And the cause of this is, because sh: has taken a surfeit of Husband. In this case---- give me leave to scratch first---- I think we are not to judge over-hastily of this affair. All her *Spring* and *Summer* she liv'd like a *Diana*; but toward her *Autumn* the leaves of her affection turn'd *Fueillemot*. Truly in this the woman does no more than what whole Nations do, I mean the *Tartars* and, *Seythians*, who when they have graz'd up one Country, seek fresh Pastures in another. She finds the heart of her Husband's vigour worn out, as Farmers

do their grounds, and therefore lets him lie fallow a while, to try if he can recover his strength. You say, 'tis a surfeit---- Very good. Then take this for a rule, if a man have eaten *Lampreys* liberally for nine years together, and surfeit in the tenth, his Physician will not admit him to feed upon that dyer any more. Surfeits are dangerous ; and the surfeit of a long thing with one eye, may be as deadly, as the surfeit of a long thing with nine eyes. *Change your Cock,* was a piece of advice once given to a Lady, by a person of eminent gravity and preferment. That was upon a complaint of ineffectual conjunction : However, good advice is not confin'd to one single Occasion.

Having deeply ponder'd all these considerations, the woman lays out for another convenient Mate, and by good luck meets with one ; opens her grief, and finds Compassion. By the way, here is a woman griev'd ; and persons agriev'd are always the Objects that Compassion is in search for. As you may find by all the stories of the Seven Champions, Don Bellians of Greece, the Knight of the Burning Pettle, and a hundred more. Now this person had been no true Knight, had he stifted so noble

noble a Virtue, since it was in him, as his Compassion. So great a happiness it is when Grief and Compassion meet together, and so glad is Compassion of doing its Office. Both which centring in *aliquo Tertio*, strangely redound to the good Fortune of the forsaken Husband, that his frigidity should prove the occasion of the so lucky meeting of Grief and Compassion. All which consider'd, the woman could be in no fault; for she was certainly aggrieved; and grief naturally seeks redress. Nor could the Gentleman be in a fault, by reason of his charity and generosity in relieving the distressed. But you'll say, Virtue seeks no corner, and Truth is always naked. Neither do I believe but the truth of this business was as naked as you could wish or desire. Why then did the woman not reveal her *distress* and *relief* to her Husband? but endeavour to blind him with her flim-flam-stories, and make him believe she was as honest as ever she was in her life? Hold a blow there, I did not tell ye the Gentleman was forc'd to do what he did: and you know, Charity's a Virtue that always loves to keep her self private. Perhaps her Husband, had he known it, would have bid the Devil take the c

the Gentlemans Compassion, and so she might have been the occasion of her Husbands cursing so great a Virtue: No--- 'twas better as 'twas. For her grief had been unreliev'd, and the Gentlemans Compassion had been prevented.

But where's this mans Discomfort all this while? Why upon his Wife's turning Whore, his Estate got a *Gonnorrhœa*, and pin'd and consum'd away to nothing. Or if you will have it another way, his Wife put his Estate upon the spit of Prodigality, and let it lie roasting so long at the fire of her Lust, that it dript quite away.

What then? This is no disparagement to *Matrimony*. For while the woman lives within the confines of *Matrimony*, and the man retain'd his *Ability*, all things went well. For I must tell ye, *Ability* is as it were *High Constable* of the *Hundred of Wedlock*, and keeps the *peace* in *Matrimony*. Now as the Constable is nothing without his *Staff*, so is *Ability* nothing without a good strong Truncheon. So that *Matrimony* is no way to be blam'd, but the Dissolution of *Matrimony* by the womans seeking after strange Gods, and adoring other *Priapus's* besides her own. Though,

in.

in strictness of reason, it may be a question whether the woman disannul'd the Marriage or no, and whether the end of Wedlock ceasing, the Marriage is not vacant of it self. Which if it be true, then was the woman upon the sealing of the former Marriage as free for one as another.

But such is the sad age we live in, that women must be the scape-goats to bear all the sins and miscarriages of their Husbands.

Yet I have heard of a hoary Fornicator, that had gain'd the reputation of a most faithful Husband, one that had clamber'd to the top of the pinnacle of Parish-preferment, a Common-Council-mans fellow ; one that never cheated but in the integrity of his heart ; one with a Saint-like look, pecked bearded, Sattin cap'd, little banded ; and when he drove a bargain, one that look't up to Heaven with his hands upon breast in such a manner, that you might have seen his Conscience in his eyes. Yet this good pious old man, upon an accidental step of his wife into the Country, suffer'd his Maid to steal into his wife's place ; and so, as if he had found her there by chance, got her with child. 'Tis true, the good

good man (for generally such Saints as these have luck) had an ingenuous and dutiful Prentice that Hope him out at a dead lift, or else who knows what a Family-havock it might have produc'd? I leave you to imagine the afflictions, terrors, and Agonies that tormented this *Senior* of the *Vestry*, when he found the state of his condition, in the midst of which he had no friend to trust but his good Prentice; in whom he had the more hopes, because he knew he made no great profession of Godliness, because he lay out of his house anights, and plaid many other pranks with which Satan inspires Youth. To him therefore he unfolds his misery; who most dutifuly undertakes to father the child. And now the *Curmudgeons* stable and purse are at his command. On the other side, the young lad provides for the lying in, appears at the Christning, and brings in Taylors bills, which are not to be question'd. Now he may go out, lie out, ramble where he pleases; for still the Prentice was looking after the child, which though it liv'd not long, yet too long for the old niggards profit, two years really alive, and another half year still alive after 'twas dead, by the good management of Father *Junior*. How many new Gowns would

would this expence have bought the poor ignorant wife at home? what a passion would it have put her into, had she known it? But it hapn'd well for Father Princock, whose Master, rigid and severe before, was now become his perfect slave.

There was a certain Exchange-man, who had liv'd well with his wife for several years--- You might as well have remov'd Penmen-Maur into Middlesex as have got him out for a quarter of an hour to drink his Mornings-draught. He canted to his Customers in Mood and Figure: Nothing more grave, nothing more solid, and every one prognosticated him a Fur-Gown and a Gold-Chain. And yet after many years thus spent in reputation, the Extinguisher of Misfortune eclipsed this flaming Christmas-Candle all upon a sudden. People star'd, wonder'd, talk'd and reason'd the case; but at length all came out: Secret whoring, private gaming, threescore broad pieces lost of a night, and a thousand flams and shams, and tales of roasted horses to his wife, not one of the *Comforts of Matrimony*, had been the occasion of all this.

Now where were the wives in fault, in either of these two cases? And truly I am apt

apt to believe, were there a true Catalogue of the excesses of this Nature of both Sexes, you would find the Poll much more numerous on the mens side. And to tax the women with expence, is folly. For he's a meer doting infatuated *Nicodemus*, that when he finds his wife galloping away with his Estate, does not hold her in, having the reins in his own hands.

---

THE

T H E  
**Eighth Real Comfort  
 O F  
 Matrimony.**

I 'll hold a good wager, 'tis no such dis-comfort of Marriage for a mans wife to desire the fresh air. 'Tis an ill sign on the mans side, when a woman is compelled to strain her invention to obtain of her Husband an innocent Recreation. Suppose he be at the charges of a Palfrey and a Side-saddle, 'tis no such Break-back-expence to endanger the sighing up his lungs by the roots. He that travels with his wife to shew her the Country, has the same pleasure himself, to see the variety of Seats and Towns, and cannot have a better Companion than his wife when he comes to his Journeys end. 'Tis a sign the woman has a nobler soul than to inter-mix with a Tag-rag and long-tail, when *Easter* and *Whitsontide* let loose the toyling Rabble

Rabble to devour all the rotten Currants  
and meatly Swines-flesh about the Town  
in dry cakes, and slices of glorry Bacon  
stuffed with Goose-turds instead of sweet  
Herbs. Or to be wedg'd in with the  
*Westward ho* Trumpery, till she arrive at  
durty, dusty *Brainford* for a Tansey of green  
Wheat and addle Eggs, and a game at  
paltry Nine-pins for digestion ; and then  
home again, with a bundle of dead Tu-  
lips and Southern-wood to garnish her  
Cobweb'd windows. Precious Comforts of  
Matrimony indeed ! 'Tis natural to women  
to love a full enjoyment, not the sips and tast  
of pleasure. Give me a woman that knows  
what satisfaction is. 'Tis a sign of Genius  
and sprightliness, the sweets of Conversa-  
tion. Can any man be such a *Dunce* as to  
grutch his wife a Country-house ? 'tis for  
his own interest ; 'tis as good as going to see  
his *Uncle*, to leave his wife on Monday-  
mornings, and return fresh again a Saturday-nights ; and those short absences create  
new longings and new affections, and pre-  
vent the inconveniences of surfeiting. 'Tis  
good for their Children too ; They draw a  
steady sanity from the innocent and serene  
air of the Country, while the corrupted  
smoak of the City, and the Exhalations of  
Brew-

Brew-house-Funnels do but besoot their  
angs for the Chimney-sweepers broom.  
There a woman learns industry from the  
bee, innocence from the Lamb, honesty  
from the Cow, that pays so well for her  
Meat, Drink, and Lodging; the Vine in-  
structs her true affection, and every flower  
teaches her every day new Lessons of cha-  
rity and contempt of vanity, when she be-  
holds how soon a ravishing hand despoils  
them of their glory, and how fading all  
their pomp and beauty is; when they that  
continually harbour in the City, have no  
thing before their eyes, but the daily docu-  
ments of vice and vanity.

These enjoyments certainly may well be  
allow'd a wife, when men themselves take  
a far larger liberty to revel with their Mis-  
sits and Concubines at *Epsom* and *Tun-  
bridge*, or *North-hall wells*, where Fools and  
their Money are soon parted. It may be  
the man has a mind to prey farther off;  
and then the Scene is laid thus. At first  
great signs of an afflicted spirit, many  
Symptomes of inward vexation, the knife  
passionately slapt down upon the table at  
dinner, rubs his forehead, and well---quoth  
he. What's the matter, my dear, cries the  
good woman, simply and harmlesly, Heav'n  
knows.

knows. A man would forswear trustinge his wife  
 quoth he.----There's no driving a Trading Husband without it, quoth she.----It makes me mad to look in my Debt-book, quoth he.----There's a hundred and fifty pound good f<sup>t</sup>  
 lyes desperre in *Hampshire*, two hundred and G<sup>t</sup>  
 pound has been owing me this three year by life  
 in *Devonshire*; but for the hundred pounds success  
 in *Wiltshire*, the Gentleman promis'd me so faithfully last Term, that I thought he my P<sup>t</sup>  
 would never have fail'd me.----Well, I seve po  
 I must take a long journey this Vacation, but what 'twill signifie, Heaven knows.----Pox a this throwing good money after bad  
 ----by Jove I hate it mortally. However, quoth she, business is not to be neglected. The m<sup>t</sup>  
 we must not loose a Hog for a hapat Tar; what must be, must be; I'll take the best care I can in your absence.---Ay, quoth he, and then kisses her, that's all the comfort I have.

Then close in his Counting-house for some days, till he has fit his Letter-case with Bills and *Summa totalis's*, that you would swear a whole Troop of Horse little enough to guard him home again.

And now all his accoutrements being ready, up he gets betimes i' the morning, puts on his Boots and Spurs; out come

the bread and butter and cold victuals, and  
 trutin's wife beholds him looking like Jason.  
 a Trad. going to fetch the Golden Fleece--- Well  
 it make no he, chawing one piece and cutting a-  
 , quo other, if I get but half this money, and  
 pound good security for the rest, I'll gi'thee the  
 hundred Gowns, wife, that e'er thou woar'lt in  
 ye year life. Well, Husband, I wish you good  
 l pounds excess, with all my heart, quothe. Stay  
 is'd mooth he, what money had I best put  
 ought in my Pocket--- faith I'll not take above  
 ll, I have pound---the Devil's in't if some or o-  
 uation her don't help me to a recruit before that's  
 ows. spent. But this is onely a sham; for his  
 er bad returns are laid as they lay Post-horses, and  
 owever he order'd their several stages already.  
 glected The money brought and sob'd, he wipes  
 both o his mouth, busses his wife, whirls down  
 like the hairs, whisks up a horse-back, then ano-  
 , quo other kiss i'the saddle, and so God bless thee,  
 e com my dear.

Some time before he gets to Brainford,  
 Mrs. Winifred, being got thither by infal-  
 lible appointment before, stays for him at  
 the Red-Lyon, and seeing him come trot-  
 ting along, knocks for the Drawer. Tell the  
 Gentleman that rid in, quo she, his Com-  
 being any's here. By and by, usher'd by the  
 rning Drawer, up he comes--- Lord, my dear,  
 come cries  
 tho

cries Mrs. Winifred, you have put me in such a fright! what made ye stay so long behind? Gad, my dear, I could not bear it for my life, I met with a Gentleman grow *Hammermith* Towns-end, who would not be deni'd, but that I must drink a Bottle of Claret with him a Horse-back. I told him my wife was before--- 'twas all one and I believ'd thou wouldest stay here--- which made me the less mind it. And thus in the presence of the Drawer the Match is made up in the twinkling of an eye. They are now man and Wife in thelicking of a cat's ear: Onely to confirm it there must be a little bate, and the Mistress of the house call'd up to hear how pleasantly the *My dears* and the *Sweet-hearts* pass between the new-married couple while the crafty slut in the midst of her cups cries out, *Pray God my poor little Billy* but continue well till we return; I am fraid my heart willake many a dearake for him ere I get home--- Grace a God, Madam cries the Hostess, all will be well--- Ay, Beday--- Mistress, there's no fear on't, cries the new Bridegroom, he's with as careful a Nurse as any i' the Town--- So remoiting, a way they cross the Road, and if possible get to *Guilford* that night, for the convenience

ne intimacy of the Inn. Whither from thence  
So long the Lord of *Oxford* knows--- but a ramble  
not how they take, you may be sure, till money  
erman growing short, and having plaid over the  
ould no play of a wife for a month with all the  
a Bott mirth and jocundry imaginable, home  
I told comes my Gentleman again, with his  
all one Purse as empty as his two-penny Purse.

Now you are to understand, that this  
same hot-codpiec'd Monsieur had as much  
ver the reason to go a dunning for this money, as  
g of a he had to throw himself headlong from  
e in the top of *Dover-Peer*; for what money he  
firm it had owing, was already secur'd by Bonds  
Mistress lock't up in his Till. Only the Comforts  
w' plent of Whoring are such delicious temptations,  
t-beam so ensnaring, so alluring, that flesh and  
couple blood cannot forbear 'um. But travelling  
er cups with a man's Wife is the same thing still;  
*Billy* a *Tartarian* way of cumbring the road  
in frai with Family-luggage, and makes every  
for him strange Inn look like his own House. He  
Madam cannot kiss his Hostess, nor smuggle his  
--- Ay, Bed-maker, because his wife's with him.  
ies the And yet I may be bold to say, he might  
a Nur have had as smirking a Dary-maid as Mrs.  
ng, & *Winifred*, neer his wife's denied Country-  
possible house, at a far cheaper rate, take the half  
conve years Summer-expences and all in, than his  
niency

Aug-

**Autumnal Christmas Gamboling** cost him.

And thus you see what a strange dis-  
comfort of *Matrimony* 'tis for a woman to  
hone for a Country-house. But Lady's,  
if your Husband deny ye next year, lay  
these things in your dishes.

---

THE

THE  
Ninth Real Comfort  
OF  
Matrimony.

**H**ow ! Haughty and proud, and domineering ? Yes, she would have been at it, but the man kept her at a bay--- He took her down in her wedding-shooes. And so finding she could do no good upon him , they did as they did in the first world, liv'd quietly and contentedly together, for many years, and begat Sons and Daughters. These Children grew up too, and the boys are sent to the Grammar-School, and the Daughters profit to admiration i'their yellow Samplers. But when the Gout, or Stone, or both, come to confine him to his Prayer-book, *Hall's Meditations*, *Montagues Essays*, and the great Groaning-chair in his Bed-chamber , then she pays off his old scores ; no fire, no candle, no plum-watergruel, no Mistress, no

E

Maid

Maid to hold him the Chamber-pot ; or if the wife do now and then give him a visit, 'tis to taunt, reproach, to plague and torment him more than his diseases. The Son takes no care of him, and the mother up-holds him; his Daughters are not suffer'd to come at him ; with a hundred such-like vexations, and all by the Mothers contrivance. This, you'll say, is a very hard case ; but I say, no, but rather one of the greatest Comforts that could befall him, in such a Condition. For the man being now neer the end of his mortal journey, there is no better way to make him weary of his life, and out of love with the world, than by such means as these. Crosses and afflictions carry a man to Heaven oftentimes, when prosperity makes him neglect the care of his Souls health. Which the woman having heard at Church, takes that provident care to put him upon those Contemplations which are most proper for his condition. She gives him the opportunity to consider that he has liv'd long enough in this world, when his wife and children grow weary of him. And therefore what should I be troubled, quo he, to leave these Trival Comforts, that am going to enjoy greater Felicities?

There-

Thereupon the man falls to reading ; if he want a candle, to his Meditations ; fits and prepares himself, makes his peace with Heaven, and so defying the world, dies like another *Cato*. Whereas that the woman dutiful, loving, indulgent always lamenting his departure, wringing her hands, grieving, weeping, blubbering, and crying out, What shall poor I do, what shall these poor Orphans do, if God take thee away, my onely joy, their onely comfort in this world ? And then they all fall a howling, though there be ten of 'um, like so many young puppies shut out of doors in a frosty night. These things strike so piercingly to his heart, that the Gout and the Stone are but the nips of a Flea to what he feels there ; and causes such a dissipation of all his Heavenly thoughts, that the man devours all the Cawdles and Ambergrease-Poffets his kind wife brings him ; swallows whole ounces at a time of Syrrup of Marsh-Mallows, and Oyl of sweet Almonds, to prolong his Aches and his Misery ; dispatches away his Billets to Church for the Prayers of the Congregation, sends for the Parson of the Parish to comfort him up with the story of *Ezeckias*, sends for the Doctor, and asks him--- is there no cure?---

have all Drugs and Herbs lost their Virtue? --- Then crys the woman, For Heavens sake, Doctor, do what ye can--- I am undone if my poor Husband dies--- never had woman a more kind and tender Husband--- Or had Children a more careful and indulgent Father, I'm sure--- Then 'tis the man's cue , Ay, wife,--- indeed, thou hast been always to me a dear and loving wife, and my children, I bless God for it, have been dutiful obedient children, and I would fain live a little longer to see 'um grow up and well disposed in the world, if the *Laud* saw it fit. And thus these Dialogues of Lamentation do so mollifie the poor man's heart, and so bewitch him with a desire of Life, that at length *Death* surprizes him altogether unrepentant.

On the other side, the woman that leaves her Husband alone, *though men are never less alone, than when alone*, gives him all the opportunity that can be to employ his thoughts in Heavenly and seasonable Meditations, allows him time to recollect and repent him of his sins ; and keeping him from Pothecaries flops, gives the diseases leisure to dispatch their business without opposition. The woman has

more

more kindness for her Husband than to see him in pain, well knowing what an impertinent and silly thing Pity is : Or to let a simple Doctor run away with half a child's Portion for ridiculous Receipts, when the money may so well spard to the good of her Husband's Soul. Is it not better for a man to die quietly, taking time and solitary leisure, than to be pester'd with continual visits, and to have his Family stand *Lombelling* over his gasping lungs, and distracting him with their yelling and howling when he is going to sleep ? Therefore, says the truly prudent and kind woman, when a man begins to grow out of date, let him be well brush't and laid up.

THE  
Tenth Real Comfort  
OF  
Matrimony,

**T**O be short, Mrs Betty has been Moulding of Cockle-bread, and her Mother discovers it. However, though the Daughter have got a By-blow in her Belly, the Mother has got a fool in her eye, that shall make all whole again quickly. Well, ---quoth she, and who can help what will away? ---Thereupon, she gives her Daughter instructions; she takes 'em: the fool comes on, the fool's fool'd; away they post to *for better for worse*, and so the job's done. But----with a pox to't, here's the disaster, she has not been Marry'd above five Months, but coming home at night, her gull'd Husband finds a Leveret in his Chamber, not dreaming that some women *kindle twice a year*.

Now

Now what of all this? some men love to open their Oysters themselves; others care not for that drudgery. Force your ground, and you shall have forward Pease by the latter end of April, and treatment-Cherries against May-day. Early Fruit's a rarity. And the Law's positive of his side, the Bantling's no Bastard. Some men lye fumbling five or six years together, and loose all their labour; he's admired for the fertility of his Codpiece.

The Maids in Scotland will marry a man to choose, out of the stool of Repentances for then they find he has been try'd. 'Tis a hundred pound to a Hazle-nut, he was no Maid himself when he Marryed her: come, come, my Masters, the sawce for the Goose, is sawce for the Gander. 'Tis a fair opportunity to send for his own from Nurse, and so let 'em go for *Castor & Pollux*. Was there never such a prank plaid i' the world before? Yes----nor won't be the last. *Solamen miseris*----He's a fool that counts his Chickens before they be hatcht; but when he sees 'em pecking their Oatmeal. 'Tis good to be sure, says the proverb, and nothing so sure as the Lowie in bosome. For my part I think 'tis extreamly well as 'tis; for now having enjoy'd her

stollen pleasures before Marriage, she'l the less desire them afterwards. Now suppose the Child had been cleaverly conveyed out of the House i'the dark; and the wife sent after, who could have known but that his wife lay in in the Country? and there is no Law, nor no necessity that a man should begin the age of his Child from the Birth, but when he sees convenient.

But here comes the confounded *comfort of this Matrimony*. For notwithstanding all these grave and solid admonitions, this same young *Hairbrains* of a Husband must needs be running to *Doctors Commons*, with his tale of a tub; there's nothing will serve him but a Divorce, forsooth; there he proves the Milch Cow, and not his wife. For after all, they tell him, 'tis natural for the hedge-sparrow to hatch the Cuckows eggs, and there's no Divorce to be had. However, this makes a *bubbub* in the world, report always spreading like the circles that Children make i'the water with their Ducks and Drakes. And thus having exposed himself to the world, through his own folly, he becomes the derision of the Neighbourhood, not by the occasion of Matrimony. Nor is the woman to be blam'd for taking pepper i'the nose, to see

a *Nickapoop* revealing the secrets of his wife to his own ignominy, and her own shame. For had the thing been kept private, and this one single slip passed by, which was a matter of fact before he could lay any claim to her, she might have prov'd to him the best wite i' the world. And thus men bring their misfortunes upon their own heads, because they can neither manage their business prudently themselves, nor let others do it for 'em. Like the Pedler, that would not let his wife be turn'd into a *Mule*, because he did not like the setting on of the Tail.

For the Pedlars wife, seeing her Husband had but one *Mule*, and hearing of an Artist that could turn a woman into a *Mule* by day, and change again into a woman at night; quoth she to her Husband, if I could be a *Mule* by day, and a woman by night, I could assist your *Mule* in the day-time, and you in the night-time, and we might grow rich. Thereupon, the man was content she should send for the *Artist*. The *Practitioner* came, and was willing the Pedler should see all things done. First, the woman was ordered to put off all her Cloaths, Smock and all; then she was to posture her self upon all four like the Beg-

gar with his Hand-pattins : after that, the Artist stroak'd her all over , with a certain Oyntment which was to produce the hair ; with another Oyntment he sleeked up her Ears. All this the Pedler lik'd well enough. But when he came to put on the Tayl, the Pedler would by no means endure that the Tayl should be put on ; but cry'd out, he'd have a Mule without a Tayl, and so spoil'd the whole design. Thus if men will be the occasion of their Misfortunes by their own wilfulness , they must thank themselves , and not impute it to the ill effects of Matrimony. For I appeal to all the world , whether Matrimony could be the cause of this womans loosing her Maiden-head before she was Marryed ? And as for the Man , if it were his fortune to marry such a one, he took her for better for worse ; and so without noise or hurly-burly he must take her as he finds her.

the  
ain  
ir s  
her  
gh.  
the  
the  
e'd  
I'd  
be  
eir  
m-  
ts  
he  
he  
nd  
or  
ry  
se,  
no  
i  
E

## THE

## Eleventh Real Comfort

OF

## Matrimony.

**B**ut what think ye of a Shrew? the best woman in nature. There's no woman like her, she's a Paragon. She makes a man both Poet and Philosopher. A Combat between an *Amazon* with her *Ladle* and *Potlid*, and the *Knight* of the *Basting-ladle*, is a Theam for a second *Homer*. And then she makes a man a Philosopher, for she exercises one of the noblest of his Vertues, his Patience. For which reason *Socrates*, accounted one of the wisest Philosophers of his Age, marry'd a notorious Scold on purpose. The greatest Naturalists tell us, that Beasts are not subject to anger, because they are Beasts. Only Men and Women are subject to anger, as being the most excellent of Creatures. If then the more angry the

more

more excellent, Scolds must be the more excellent than men, as being more angry. Men could not defend their Prince and Country, nor assail their Enemies without anger; nor women defend their peculiar Territories, Rights, and Priviledges, without Scolding. By that means women fetch their Husbands from their Pot-companions at Ale-houses and Taverns, burn the Cards, knock the Cribbage-board about their ears, and ring 'em those peals which their sloth and laziness justly deserve. Were it not for storms and tempests, the Ocean it self would forget it were a Sea, and condense into dry land. Thunder clears the air, and thundring women dissipate the excesses of their Husbands. Scolds are the Imitatrix's of Nature, and supply those *paffions* of the Middle Region which men want. So that when you call Man a Microcosm, you must take the Scolds in, or else the Structure nor the *Simile* is compleat. Juno, the chiefeſt of all the Goddesses, was a prefēct shrew. For which reaſon they ſacrific'd Hogs upon her Altars; a creature that makes the moſt abominable noife in nature. How did ſhe perſeute Jupiter with continual ſcolding, for his kindneſs to the Trojans? ſhe not onely ſcol-

scolded her self, but set all the Elements too a scolding at 'um ; the winds roar'd, the skies rattel'd, the Sea bellow'd in such a violent manner, that *Virgil's* hair stood an end.

*Tanta ne animis Cœlestibus ira?*

Could the Goddesses be such shrews so cruelly to persecute such an honest godly man as *Aeneas*? What! always Sweet-heart and Dear? No, Rogue and Rascal sometimes does well ; and a good thwack o'the shoulders comes seasonably when a man is so drunk, that he can hardly feel it. *Virgil* says, Anger is the Spur of Virtue. Who then more virtuous than Scolds, the most angry of Mortals?

A gang of Crack-ropes had got an honest simple fellow once, and made him believe that for so much mony they would carry him to a place, where he should find a stone that would make him invisible : the credulous goose agrees and goes with 'um ; and to be sure of the stone, picks up all the stones that were likelt to what they had describ'd, till he had laden himself so, that he was hardly able to move. As soon as he had done, his Companions call him, pretending not to see him : he makes no answer, thereupon they conclude him invisible.

fible ; and going before, take such order, that none of his acquaintance should take notice of him in the street if they met him. But when he came home, his wife gave him such a rally for letting Dinner be spoil'd, that he threw down his stones, and ran in great heat to call his Companions Knaves and Cheats for abusing him. And thus you see what a deliverance this man had, by his wives *Scolding*. There never was but one Devil that came upon Earth to marry ; and a Scold hunted him back to his old quarters in the Devils name. Had it not been for a Scold, what a mixt race should we have been pester'd with, half Devil, half Man, worse than we are already ? Another thing is, there's seldom any deceit or sly cunning in a Scold : They are too open-hearted, they will be heard with a witness, and care not who hears 'um. And this makes greatly for the support of *Scolding*, that the Poets so highly commend *Proserpina* for a good woman ; for if *Scolding* were a vexation, the Devil would certainly have had a scolding wife, since we hear of no other torments missing in *Hell*. Where is there more scolding than at *Billingsgate*? and yet where more love and friendship? Those

very

very  
and  
next  
sister  
T  
Scold  
yet  
men  
Gorg  
so lo  
maz  
into  
cou  
and  
der  
but  
ma  
Co  
the  
he  
wo  
to  
Na  
Cr  
for  
qu  
W  
ho  
cu

very women that you saw engag'd tongues  
and nails but just now, you shall see the  
next moment bubbing together like sworn  
sisters.

The Amazons were certainly very great  
Scolds, of all the women in the world;  
yet they were the onely remarkable wo-  
men for great atchievements. There—  
*Gorgo by self with the blood which thou hast*  
*so long thirsted for, said that Scold of an A-*  
*mazon, Tomiris, when she threw Cyrus's head*  
*into a great wash-bowl of blood.* What  
could any Scold have utter'd more bitter  
and venomous? *Hercules did several won-*  
*derful Actions, kill'd Boars and Lyons;*  
but *Omphale pull'd down his mettle, and*  
made him glad to spin with her maid.  
Come, Sirrah, quo she, spin, or I'll knock  
the distaff about your shag-pate--- and so  
he was forc'd to wet his thumb and go to  
work. Now he that will deny *Omphale*  
to be a *Scold*, let him prove the contrary.  
Nature has provided for every particular  
Creature a peculiar self-defence; bristles  
for the Hedge-hog, tushes for the Boar,  
quills for the Porcupine, and a tongue for  
Women. Which they who best know  
how to brandish, makes the best use of na-  
ture's allow'd defence... I question whether  
the

the *Fish-wife* made that use of her tongue which she ought to have done, that suffer'd the *Parhecary* to slap her bare arse with her own Flounders. Yet so violent was the pursuit of the rest, that had he not immediately taken *Sanctuary*, for ought I know he might have lost a cheek.

-- But now as to men, I say, a scolding wife has this peculiar vertue to exercise one of the nobleſt of his Vertues, his Patience. Therefore when *Socrates* brought home his friends to Supper with him, and they were something troubl'd to see his wife play the Devil with two sticks, throw the meat about the Room, and over-turn the Table, bid 'um consider that tame creatures were not always without their faults, and yet we pass'd them by, much leſs were we to take notice of the extravagant. And another grave Philosopher informs us, that we must bear with, and endure, not blame what cannot be avoided. So then a scolding wife is to be born with, and not blam'd. You shall find among the Proverbial Poetry, a hundred Exhortations to suffer and patiently endure afflictions, vexations, tribulations, or by whatever other term you please to give the misfortunes of men ; and our own Mo-

thers.

thers frequently teach us, *That what can't be cur'd must be endur'd*, that *Patience is a Virtue*: And the French-men tell ye, *He who wants Patience has nothing*. What signifie all these Golden Instructions and admonitions of our fore Fathers, or how should we put them in practice; where should a husband have an opportunity to shew the height and expose the quintessence of his Patience, if it were not for womens Scolding? Take away *Scolding*, the Cause, and ye take away Patience, the Effect, presently; and so ye lose the Hog-Patience, for the hapoth o'Tar, *Scolding*. A man is not bound to live in a steeple among Bells for the exercise of his Ears, when he can hear a noise as loud or louder at home. Thus much for Patience.

Now for the Antiquity of Scolding, which is a very great University-argument. *Simonides* that liv'd under *Darius Hystaspis* above 3000 years ago, tells us, that *Jupiter* made nine sorts of women, of which one sort he made out of the Seawater. And that therefore they were sometimes calm and smooth of disposition, at other times nothing but tempest and whirlwind; there's no withstanding their fury. So wonderful and so boisterous is

the

the storm, that the Steers-man of the House is forc'd to quit the Helm, and commit himself to the mercy of the *Hurricane*. Now these must certainly be Scolds. And in *Juvenals* time, Scolding was grown to that height, that one single woman would be loud enough to wake the Moon out of an Eclipse.

But what will you say if we prove *Scolding* to be a part of Love it self? and that we shall do from the comparisons appertaining to Love. For Love is compared to flames and fire, which you see how they rage sometimes, yet embrace every thing that they devour. What can be more like such a conflagration than Scolding? Like your vixen Schoolmasters, that when they are thrashing a boys buttocks, still cry, *Corrigo te, non quod odi te, sed quod amem te.*

Then again Love is compar'd to a *Lightning*, which is nothing but the brushing of the two Thunder-clouds together, and striking fire at the same time. Like which Lightnings are the glitterings and sparklings of a *Scold's* eyes, to shew that the thunder of her anger is not without the Emblems of affection in the seats of Love.

By way of Application then; since there is no man that can be perfectly happy in this

this  
and j  
world  
man  
which  
with  
cont  
him  
a M  
to s  
an i  
ther  
has  
occ  
his  
shir  
dte  
ho  
he

this life, but that he must meet with rubs and jumps in the Bowling-green of this world, and that nothing more shews a man to be a true Philosopher than patience, which he can never exercise unless he meet with an opportunity; there can no real discontent arise from the occasion that gives him that opportunity to shew himself both a Man and a Philosopher. 'Tis Heroical to suffer, and Heroical Actions always breed an inward pleasure and satisfaction. And therefore he that dyes Matrimonies Martyr, has no reason to blame his wife that is the occasion of such a noble Inscription upon his Monument. And therefore the York-shire Knight did ill, that pull'd out his Ladies teeth to keep her from Scolding. For how could she keep her Tongue between her Teeth, when he had torn up the fence?

---

THE

---

T H E  
Twelfth Real Comfort  
O F  
**Matrimony.**

I Agree w'ye, --- 'tis the general complaint, men do not love to be Cuckolds. But yet I fear me, these complaints smell too much of partiality. For there's not one man in five thousand that cares to be confin'd himself. Why then should that be a trouble to a man, that always was, still is, and ever will be ? 'Tis sufficient that a man be a Roman Catholick in his opinion concerning his wife, and pin his faith upon her sleeve. A woman that never lay with any other man but her own Husband in her life, might set up for one of the greatest Doctresses about the Town. For you shall find a story in *Herodotus*, that *Phero*, perhaps *Pharaob*, the Son of *Sesoftris*, was struck blind, and so continu'd for ten years. The next year he sent to consult the Oracle,

cle , by which he was answer'd , That if he wash'd his eyes with a womans water that had never known any man but her own Husband , he should recover his sight . You may be sur'e a Prince would spare for no cost , nor no search in such a condition . However , he try'd his own wife first ; but alas ! her water would do no feats . How many several womens waters he try'd afterwards , Heaven knows , but the number was infinite . At length , when he was almost in despair , he met with one womans water that did his work . Being cur'd , and well , he caus'd all the women whose wa-ters he had experimented in vain , to be brought together , and thrust into one great City ( by which you may guess there was a swinging company of 'em ) and there burnt them all together , City and all ; and then took the woman that had cur'd him to wife .

What then is universal , can never be a true cause of discontent , since 'tis one mans fortune as well as anothers . And for the women , they are not to be blam'd , because their Husbands lead 'em the way . And from whom should women sooner learn their instructions , than from their Husbands ? Therefore said the Gentlewo-man

man to the Parson that call'd her *Baggage*,  
*and better fed than taught*, 'twas very true,  
because he taught her, and her Husband fed  
her. For they must still walk by their  
Husbands rule.

Neither is there any invention of man,  
no Law, as the Rump-Parliament try'd to  
little purpose; no Stratagem of Male-wit  
that can obviate the suttelties and devices  
of women in the busines of Cuckoldry.  
Who would think that any devil of a wo-  
man should have it so ready? For mark  
how it fell out; no sooner was the good  
man gone out betimes in the morning to  
work, but his wife admits her private  
friend into his warm place. The Husband,  
it being an unthought-of Holyday, returns  
much sooner than he was expected, or his  
company desir'd. The woman hearing  
him knock at the door, puts her friend un-  
der an old Copper-Furnace in the wash-  
house. As soon as the man came in, Wife,  
says he, I have consider'd that we have no  
use of that Copper-Furnace in the wash-  
house, and so I have sold it, and here's the  
man come to fetch it away. And how  
much have ye sold it for? quoth she. So  
much, quoth he. By my faith, then quoth she,  
you might have brought your friend before,  
for

for I have just now sold it to another for half as much more : And the man's now under it, to see what holes there are in it, that they may be mended. And so heaving up the Furnace, the man came out, paid down his money, and had his bargain. Where could the man suspect the least harm in all this ? And yet you see there was harm, though not to be discover'd by any but a Conjuror. What could the Father say to his Son in Law, when he complain'd of a discovery he had made of his wife ? The Father desir'd the Mother to take her Daughter in private, and give her a juniper - Lecture. She does so, and the Father and Son resolve to over-hear her. Fie---- quo the Mother, do such a thing, and suffer your self to be discover'd at your years ! Where was your wit ? where were your brains ? I have been married to your Father these twenty years and upwards, and have had many a private Friend in a corner, and yet thy Father can't say, black's my eye. I say, what could the Father say, when he heard this, but advise his Son to secrerie and discretion ? Or what could the Son do but take his wife again, and double his guards ?

I would fain know what man cares to be

be out of the Fashion? or what reason a man has to be discontented at the Fashion. If it be the fashion to be a Cuckold, why should that grieve and torment his mind? Rather let him consider whether it be not a custom, or rather a Law so made by a long Prescription of near four thousand years; and then comfort himself up in this, that he has the same liberty.

Revenge they say is sweeter than Manna of *Calabria*. But if there be no occasion of revenge, how shall a man enjoy the Sweets of that Pleasure? Therefore it fell out well for that man, that he was a Cuckold, who understanding his Neighbour had made him so, order'd his Wife to send for his Neighbour, and lock him up in a Chest in her Chamber. And then sending for his neighbours wife, and telling her the whole story, gave her a nooning over her husbands head upon the same Chest where he lay fast under lock and key. For now they stood upon equal terms.

Sometimes it may happen that a man low i'the world may gain by the bargain. Like the Foot-Souldier i'the Trainbands, who having got leave of his Captain to dispence with him from the Guard, was got home, and going to bed about one a Clock

Clock i'the morning. His doublet was off, and his breeches thrown upon the bed : But his wife was so ill of a suddain, so mortally sick, that unless she had a Cordial presently, there was nothing but present death. The fellow, compassionating his wife, snatches up his breeches again, puts on his doublet, and knocks up the next Pothecary for a Cordial. What Cordial ? Any Cordial, that exceeded not nine-pence ; for he had but a shilling, and three-pence he must have to spend next morning upon the Guard. But when he came to dive for his nine-pence, his fingers in one pocket were up to the knuckles in Gold; which encouraging him to feel further, he found a Gold-Watch in a by-fob, and a convenient quantity of Tower - coyn'd Silver-Medals in another pocket. The fellow wonder'd at the strange multiplication of his single shilling, but said nothing , took his Cordial, and return'd home to his expiring wife. In the mean time the Gentleman was gone with his leatherm Breeches and the tingle shilling to bear his Charges through the Watch, and glad he scap'd so. And thus you see, if it hit well, there's content a both tides ; if otherwise, a man must take it as it falls. But yet for all this, I am apt to believe the world is not come

to that pass yet, but that the men are far more in fault than the women. 'Twere impossible else, that there should be so much work for the Surgeons and Pintle-smiths about this Town. 'Tis impossible that there should be such swarms of Charlatans and Knights of the Syringe in every corner of the City. Not a Gate or spare wall but what is plaster'd over like a Country-Ale-house, with *No cure no money*: *A hundred Infallible Cures*, and a thousand more defiances of Mortality, enough to astonish death it self, as if he were upon his last legs, and that Men had wrested his Scithe out of his sinewless clutches. You cannot walk the streets without having three or four Schedules in a day of humane Infirmities pop't into your hands. So that now if a man can't live by the Tap or the Syringe, 'tis time for him to go a Buckaneering to *Jamaica*.

Whence this Incouragement? Faith, neither better nor worse; women are not so bad as men would make 'um, and therefore the old trade of whoring still flourishes. In short therefore, since there is no man that wears a Bulls feather who is not as apt to give it, let him never think that a discomfort to himself, which he dreams no vexation to another.

THE

T H E  
Thirteenth Real Comfort  
O F  
**Matrimony.**

I S she so? Why, what's the matter? Why, the woman's a mere Tyger for jealousy. And what can be more irksome to a man, than to live under the yoke of Tyrannical suspicion? His goings out and comings in are dog'd and trac'd like a Hare i'the snow. Where ha you been to day? What, you ha been to visit the Taylors wife, I see by your *hang-dog* countenance--- But I shall pull the eyes of her out at one time or other. I hear of your pranks, I do; but I'll spoil your swan-hopping i'faith. And when he comes to pay his nocturnal Tribute--- No, no, get ye gone where you have been all this day--- I'll ha none o'your Gilflurts leavings--- And this is a great inconveniency of Matrimony that gives him no rest. But such men

consider not, that your jealous women are the onely kind wives in the world. 'Tis not out of anger that they chime so loud i'their husbands ears, nor out of disrespect or neglect of Duty that they tell him his own, but out of pure love and affection. The woman would ne'er have been at the price of a halter to hang her husband that was to be executed, and carried it the Sheriff her self, but that she was jealous lest her Husband should escape the punishment of his sin. Where jealousie is absent, there can be no real Love. Jealousie is the Conditement that preserves Love, as Sugar preserves Pears and Plums. 'Tis the Dog and Bell that keeps blind Love i'the right way. Jealousie is the Argos that watches the unruly and wandring footsteps of scaperloytring Lechery. And therefore men are discontented, & murmur at the jealousie of their wives, as little children hate the Chirurgeon that cures um of a *Fistula* i'their Tails, because he hurts 'um. The first Condescensions of women are but the beginning of Love, but Jealousie compleats and perfets their affection. For unless a woman lov'd her husband, why should she be angry that another should enjoy him? 'Tis a sign she's ambi-

ambitious of her husbands Affection, when she envies all others that she thinks have any share with her ; and a demonstration that she preserves her chaste embraces entirely for her Husband. A loving Mother is always brooding in her thoughts over her absent Infant, and still suspicious of the miscarriages of a negligent Nurse. In like manner, what can be more kind and obliging, than a wife that keeps a continual watch and guard over the safety and preservation of her Husband, well knowing how many traps and baits that Harlot *Pleasure* lays up and down in every corner for *Mouse-like* men, that are ready to snap at the toasted cheese of every loose and vain affection. The Surgeon that boasted that he had *Nuts* of Priapus's anow (the spoils of venereal Combats) to button a Leaguer-Cloak, gives a woman sufficient warning to be careful of her husbands ware. It shews a woman has a true value for her self, when she scorns to be out-rival'd. These Maximes the Town-Misses are not ignorant of, and therefore count themselves then best belov'd, and are best satiſh'd, when their Paramours brook no Copartnership in their Chamber-Practice. In them jealousie is applauded by their wan-

ton Admirers ; and why not in a Wife, whose care is much more tender and cordial ? Thus a jealous wife takes care of the main Chance ; and a Man has the same reason to be offended at a jealous wife, as at an honest servant, who takes care to keep himself sober, when he finds his Master resolv'd to be drunk.

**THE**

T H E  
 Fourteenth Real Comfort  
 O F  
**Matrimony.**

**A**Y----that's fine musick for a Husband indeed----for his wife to lie hickupping a bed ; as if she were engaging her stomach to give her Husband a Pillow-posset. He is then in a bodily fear in truth, when he finds her breath inflam'd with Brandy , and is afraid every moment of being burnt in his bed. For I have heard of a woman that has set her self on fire , and been burnt to death with swallowing a Snap-dragon. And yet in such a wife there is both pleasure and content. For they say , that women are generally most kind in their cups ; and kindness in a wife is one of the chiefest things which the Husband expects from Matrimony.

Lovers are pleas'd to see Babies in their Mistresses eyes ; but when his wife becomes

all Looking-glass, where can he more delight to behold his own failings? which if they be failings, he has the advantage thereby to dress and reform his own ill manners first, and then hers afterwards.<sup>11</sup> What greater pleasure can a man have, than to tuddle with his own wife? or what greater kindness can she shew him, then to sit foot to foot with him at the Tavern? 'Tis like drinking on a Sunday in Sermon-time with the Church-warden and Gonstable of the Parish in company. Or if a man have a mind to be rid of his wife, let him not suffer her to disgrace him, by the retail way of only a quartern at a time from the Stillers shop, but let him extend his kindness, like the Taylor i' the *Strand*; let her toss off her Noggins by whole-sale; let the Brandy-Firkin stand by her bed-side.

Now that women have as much right to drink Wine, as well as men, is plainly demonstrable from this, That the Poet assures us, that *Bacchus* was both Female as well as Male, and perform'd the greatest part of his Conquests by the assistance of women; of which Sex the chiefest part of his Armies consisted. His Nurses too, the *Pleiades*, were notable Topers, you may be sure; for they spill their Liquour to this day,

day, and are the certain foretunners of rain and fowl weather when they rise in an ill humour. Then, who were to be trusted with the Religious rites and worship ascrib'd to this carousing Deity, but women? And whether they were not notable Bowlers, you may easily guess by their Horse-play Ceremonies. But now, Heavens bleſſ us! what a crime is it for a woman to drink a glass of wine!

But let us consider, I beseech ye, one thing more. There's an old Proverb, *In vino veritas, the Cup never lies.* Whence, we infer, that Fuddle-coyf wives always speak truth. I promise ye then, I think, that man has no reason to be discontented, that has such a precious Jewel; for you know, that all other women are not to be believed although they be dead.

Oh! but you'll say, Fuddling women are apt to miscarry i' their drink. To which I answer, that though I might tell ye, more women miscarry when they are sober than when they are Tipſie, yet I will only blame the Husband for that, who ought to take the more care of her, knowing her disposition. 'Tis a thing that looks ill in men, not to take care of their friends i' their drink, but suffer 'em to reel home.

If the dark, and moyl themselves in the kennel; and therefore to neglect women, the weaker vessels, when they have been a little over-indulgent to nature, is a Solœcism in a Husband that justly deserves the dreaded punishment of his carelessness. For her Husband cannot blame her for falling then, when her tottering condition is such, that without bolstring, 'tis impossible she should stand. 'Tis a question whether the venerable *Delphian Prophetess* did not always take a hearty cup before she went to consult the Oracle. For you see their Answers were generally such insolent riddles, that the Devil himself could hardly pick out their meaning. And for the *Sybil* that carried *Aeneas* to Hell, you may find in what a pickle she made her self before she durst adventure the Voyage. When the *Trojan Women* burnt *Aeneas's* Navy, the story tells ye, they were all fudd'd (for the mischief was contriv'd over a damn'd Gossiping) yet we do not perceive that the *Trojans* lov'd their wives e'er a jot the worse for their frolick. Nay, women are so cleanly in their drinking, that many times they strain the Wine through their Smocks; when men, like slovens as they are, drink up dregs and all.

Let

Let men consider their own extravagancies ; their flinging the Glasses over their shoulders, their burning their Coats, Hats and Periwigs ; then their running to Baudihouses, mad as March-hares, their *Scowring*, as they call it, and breaking peoples windows, their quarrels with the Watch, their disturbing the Counter-tum-keys, who are foy'd to rise in the cold, that their *Ratshipp's* may not lye i'the street. I say, let men consider these things, and then tell me why it should be such a heart-breaking discomfort of Matrimony to see their wives tipsie, when they take so much delight in it themselves. For women, whose nature it is to be inquisitive, observing their Husband to take such an extraordinary delight in trowling the Bowl, are no way to be blam'd for their aspiring to partake of the same felicity. But lastly, another great comfort that same husband enjoys, who has a good Companion to his wife. For as wine debilitates both the one and the other ; so he has the more rest and quiet in his bed, and is not dun'd so oft for due benevolence, but that he may easily afford it.

THE

T H E

## Fifteenth Real Comfort

O F

## Matrimony.

**O**H ! But the man does not love hairs in his porridge. And yet sluts are generally very kind. For when the Soldiers in *Scotland* wanted Onion-sawce for their Wild-Ducks, the woman of the House, to supply their wants, was contented freely to part with the onely Clove of Garlick she had in the world, which her child for several days had eat and shit out again to cure the Worms. I must tell ye, a sluttish wife enures a man to the inconveniences of War, where a man does not always meet with clean sheets or Sun-Tavern Cooks. Sows are the most naſtie creatures in the world, and yet none more profitable or better Flesh. Perfumes are offensive to many diseases which *Aſſa foetida* cures. And how frequently do we find that

that men forsake their wives Sweet-bags, to have a touch with their greasie Cook-maids? If the woman be a slut, yet the man has this comfort, that she's fair, or else the Proverb's a confounded lyar. Now there are certain creatures that having more potent enemies than themselves, roll themselves over head and ears i'the mud, to escape the danger that hangs over their heads. And thus fluttish wives conscious of their Beauty roll themselves over head and ears in dirt, to avoid the pursuit of wanton sollicitations, to the great advantage and comfort of their husbands. Cleanliness is but a new Invention; Sluttry was the mode of the Grandmothers of our great great Grandmothers, when Romulus's wife wore a flannel Smock a whole twelve myngh together, and Aeneas wip'd his fingers upon his Doublet instead of a Napkin. Sluttry is an Emblem of the simplicity of the old World, before Pomp and Luxury came in fashion. She that never sweeps the Cobwebs from her windows, has always an example and pattern of diligence before her eyes; and then she has another good quality, that she keeps her Husband out of the Mercer's and Lacen'en's Books: - and then her Victuals too cost

cost little ; for a T---d's as good for a Sow as a Pancake. Why should a man find fault with a Slut, when *Venus* her self was born out of the scum of the Sea ?

But then for her Virtues, a Slut is a woman of *Constancy*. She ever was, and is, and what she is ever will be, a Slut. Without any alteration or change of Humour, according to the usual Levity and Inconstancy of her Sex.

In the next place, it shews contempt of the folly and vanity of the world, which is one round in her Ladder to Heaven.

Now as for the man himself, this is certain, that a Slut can onely offend his nose and his eyes. Now what man would be so extremely indulgent to his nose or his eyes, to discompose the whole fraine of Natures Habitation for a Hogo in his Pork, or boyling his Pudding in his foul Nightcap ? I have known it rain butter'd Pease at a mans House, meerly because his wife brought him an Alchymy spoon onely smear'd with a little Candle-grease. Yet who would not rather choose to feed on a good joyn't of Mutton, though it fortun'd that the Dish-clout boyl'd jig by jowl with it all the while, than a diih of Frogs-legs, or fri'd Mice , though never so artificially cook't

cook't *a-la-mode de France*? Or who had not rather see his wives nasty Comb in the window, than the slap-dawdries of paint and Fucus?

So that men are to weigh the good with the bad; some men's meats are other men's poysons. What some men nauseate, is grateful to other men's stomachs: we are not to hate Cows, because Cheese is made of their Milk: and as a learned Divine once said, the pleasures of a Hog are not the pleasures of an Angel. And therefore in short, men are to take their lots, and either be Fools or Philosophers. For as all Arguments in these Causes are uncertain, so must be the Conclusions.

---

THE

~~Belov'd. O Sweet A. D. S. & C. H. & H. & H.~~  
~~But in dunces, like a dog, a fool is born,~~  
~~and to such w<sup>t</sup> h<sup>e</sup>artless knaves, who b~~

## THE

Sixteenth Real Comfott

O F

## Matrimony,

But forsooth, a man has a fine Estate,  
 and a fine wife, and a fine portion ;  
 and this wife has a fine wit, fine conditions,  
 and fine carefles,---but---the Devil's i' these  
 Buts,---they come in so confoundedly at the  
 but-end of a commendation, that they spoil  
 all.---For this fine woman is so addicted to  
*Lantraloo*, and Back-gammon, that she  
 makes a perfect *Speirings Ordinary* of her  
 House. No sooner is the cloath taken a-  
 way, but another clean cloath must be  
 spread, and then out come the Cards or  
 the Tables ; and there she sits from after  
 dinner, till one, two, three, four a clock  
 i' the morning, day after day, night after  
 night, consuming and wasting her fine Por-  
 tion, till she begins to prey upon the main  
 stock. And this is a parlous grievance, a

com-

comfort of Matrimony in the name of Satan. All this while the men don't consider what a happiness they have in enjoying such a wife. One cries, *I think my wife will play away her A---,* and what of that? Then there's the thing gone, which is many times the cause of all his fears, jealousies, and disturbances. How many men are there, that curse their wives tayls? which if the women have a faculty to play away, there's a fair riddance of the mens discontent. But I must tell ye, the fear of a wives playing away her tayl, is an idle thing. 'Tis true, she may be forced to stake it sometimes; but then, though she should fortune to loose, yet she wins by the bargain. But on the t'other side, how many men are there, that will loose their own Arses, and let a woman drain their Pockets as dry as a clean-swept *East-India* ship, for the favour of a little smuggling, or the commodiousness of access to their snowie white breasts? And then again, a man does not consider, that a woman addicted to gaming, minds no other pleasure; she sits squeezing her thighs and her buttocks, and will hardly stir from her chair to piss, much less to mind any other Fegaries. A man may conclude his wife  
safe,

safe, when she is once got to her Cards. And it is a happiness that one game spoyleth another. The *Lydians* were a notable people, and these notable people the *Lydians* were the first that invented Cards and Dice. And the reason was, to keep their wives from other sports, which they thought more to their prejudice. For after *Candaules* the King of the Country had put the *Lydian* women agog, by shewing his wife stark naked to his friend *Gyges*, they were all mad, and bawl'd at their Husbands that they might be shewn naked too; every one believing her self to be as handsome as the Queen. Ay,—quoth the men, we'll find ye other diversion; and so setting 'em to Cards and Dice, lay'd their animosities presently asleep. The love of gaming, where it once gets the victory, has such an attractive force, that there is no charm of power sufficient to controul it. It keeps women even from Play-houses, the Nurseries of *Hoity toity Imaginations*; it keeps 'em from Lectures, and polluting the Church with unsanctify'd thoughts. Nay, the very consolation of having *Tib* and *Tom* in her hand, shall cause her to contemn the disappointment of the most solemnly-engaged assignation that ever woman

man made ; while the impatient lover makes many a weary step in the Temple-rounds , vainly expecting her that is as fast at *buying stocks* , as the Knights of *Jerusalem* i' their Graves.

On the other side, if the wife be so happy as to make Fortune her friend, and some are so beholding to the slippery Jade, that you would swear she went snips , then it rains Guineys in that house. The pot boyls upon the score of *Lantraloo-luck* ; Teal , Widgeons, and fat Capons are the Trophies of victorious *Gleek* ; the Triumphs of Back-gammon excuse the charges of the Fring'd Petticoat ; and many times the man too has his share in the taking present of a Point-Cravat.

Many are the blessings that attend the owner of a she-Gamester. She is always quiet, never out of humour. She is always patient , always contented ; never lowres, never scolds, never pouts ; for her heart tides at anchor in the Serene harbour of inward ease and joy.

Is she at play ? never disturb her.—she's then moving in the proper Sphere of her own delight. The Dolphin that had such a love for a Child, that he came every morning to the shoar, and carried him over an

arm

arm of the Sea to School with his breakfast in his hand, could never have been so serviceable to the Lad, had he been taken out of his own Element. When a woman is peaceable and quiet, and well, 'tis a madness to disturb her. Wasps never sting, but when they are unwarily provok'd. A game can never be well manag'd without prudence, foresight, circuinspection, and policy. Seeing then that a woman who is a good Gamester cannot be without all these good Qualities, it is a certain sign, that he who has a good Gamester to his wife, has a woman so qualifi'd. And who can think it a discomfort to him to have a woman polish'd with so many rare endowments? By playing the King, they learn to govern; by playing the Queen, they learn to obey; by playing Tib and Tom, they understand the inconveniency of putting too much power into the hands of Servants. And stories furnish us with several examples of great Generals that have practis'd the Game at Chess, meerly to instruct themselves in the Art of War, in Stratagem and Surprize, and the methods of Embattelling, and encountring the Enemy. But suppose she looses all she plays for: Then she cannot be thought to have

all

all these good qualities before mention'd. What then? yet she is still bidding fairly for 'um, still upon the purchase of 'um; so that if she miss of her aim, 'tis the unkindness of Fortune, not her fault. And bought wit is always said to be the best.

And now how would you have 'um spend their time? you'd have 'um spin I warrant--- Yes--- and sit wetting their thumbs, till they grow as lean with exhausting their radical moisture, as one of the three *fatal* Sisters. A fine posture indeed! to sit all day long as if they were twisting the thread of their Husbands life.

You'd have her mind the Brat i'the Cradle; as if it were not far more noble and gentle to turn up a good jolly Trump, than a bawling Bastards shitten, stinking tail.

Nor is the loss so great neither, for what a woman loses in gaming, she saves in household-expences; in Coaches, Spring-Gardens, and Plays; in Balls and night-Rambles; so that none may be better term'd a Housewife than she, as being always at home, receiving visits, seldom making any: for where the Carkass is, there the Eagles gather together. A man is not crucifi'd with the tormenting thoughts, where or with whom

whom his wife should be at this or that unseasonable time of the night. A terrible affliction to those that continually dream of cornuting.

Suppose she lose her Cloaths from her back. Then her Husband is sure to find her a bed, till she get a recruit.

No question-but it is a great vexation to a woman to lose, and a great toyl to be always labouring for a dead Horse. However, it is much more convenient that she should fret her self, than vex her Husband.

The Parson that lov'd gaming better than his eyes, made a good use of it, when he put up his Cards in his Gown-sleeve for hast, when the Clerk came and told him the last Stave was a singing. 'Tis true, that in the height of his reproving the Parish for their neglect of holy Duties, upon the throwing out of his zealous artn, his Cards dropt out of his sleeve, and flew about the Church. What then? He bid one boy take up a Card, and ask'd him what it was--- the boy answered, the *King of Clubs*. Then he bid another boy take up another Card. What was that? the *Knave of Spades*. Well, quo he, now tell me who made ye? The boy could not well tell.

tell. Quo he to the next, Who redeem'd ye? That was a harder question. Look ye, quo the Parson, you think this was an Accident, and laugh at it; but I did it on purpose, to shew ye, that had ye taught your children their Catechism as well as to know their Cards, they would have been better provided to answer the material Questions which I put to them.

And thus men may profit by their wives gaming; and raise many wholesome instructions to themselves from their losings. As first, if they knew as well what belong'd to Cuckolding their Husbands as they did to play at Cards, they would never prefer the misfortune of losing their money, before the pleasure of gaming with a friend in a corner. Secondly, that it was better for their wives to sit losing their Money at home, than their Reputation abroad. And thirdly, it ought to be a great satisfaction to 'um to see which way their money goes. For that's the great Plague to a Man, when he finds his Money run away like Quicksilver, but knows not which way the devil it goes. But she that games away her money, frees him from that tribulation of beating his brains with an impossible enquiry. And I must tell

tell ye, a man had better that his wife should game away twenty, than sport away five pound.

But, Gentlemen, consider how you shake your elbows your selves, how you make the dead mens bones rattle ; you never consider how you fret, and tear and swear, and swagger and storm, and dam and sink, and curse and bite the Dice, and gnaw the Boxes. And then at length when the Devil deserts him at the last throw, then to see rage and despair ding the poor innocent box against the floor, as if he design'd it through the cleft earth at Lucifers own head, these are extravagancies neverthought of. What a sad and miserable surprize it is to be taken by a Creditor with a Scrjeant at his heels, in the height of Security, at *beii a Main*, have at all; while the poor wife and barn at home live only upon trust with the Milk-woman !

What a pretty kind of Emulation it was between two young Sparks coming losers out of a Gaming-Ordinary ! Quo the one complaining to his friend --- G---darn me --- I ha lost forty Guineys --- G---darn you --- Quo the t'other --- G---darn me --- I ha lost above fourscore --- Don't you think now, his friend was to blame if he contected with him for priority ?

What

What a pleasant comfort of Matrimony it would be to a wife, to see her Husband undrest by the Dice, as if he were to go to bed to his Misfortune ! The white Beaver leads the Van, then follows the Perriwig, next in order the Cravat, then the Ruffles and Buttons thereto belonging. The Coat cannot forsake his Brethren ; and the Breeches hone after the Coat, as being of the same Cloath. And what now ? There stands stript Peel-garlick having nothing but his shirt and his fiery Passion to keep him warm : onely there is this small comfort left him, that he cannot play away his Title of *Squire* ; that sticks to him as long as the least scrap of his Fathers Thrift remains. For it comes to that at length, that all must go, even the wives Joynature and all. So the willing Soul at length, overcome with endearment and Caresses, is carry'd like a Lamb to the slaughter to Serjeants-Inn, where after she has given a willing answer to the whispering Judge, she may then go hang her self in her own Garters. For this is the *Finalis Concordia* between the Gentleman-Squire and his Patrimony. Therefore take him--- Kings-Bench, to the ruine of Wife, Children, and Posterity, that cries, my Grandfather was

a man of Five hundred a year if he could have kept it. Compare now the little *Lofings* of a wife, and the Patrimony-havocks and extirpations root and branch of their Estates which men make, by the leudest, wickedest, and most impious methods in the world ; and see who has most reason to complain of Matrimony.

THE

## THE CONCLUSION.

**B**ut it will be easie to remove all the Arguments which are brought against the Female Sex to prove the discomforts of Marriage, if we can but prove that Women ought to govern the State, and not Men. For then they are to look upon what ever is impos'd by women, as the effects of their just Dominion; and not lye grumbling as they do against the effects of their own ill Conduct. And indeed, it may be well wonder'd, that all our Knight-Errants of Philosophy, who have assaulted and pull'd down the whole frame of Nature, and rebuilt it according to their own chymrical whimsies, not sparing the very Heavens, but either tumbling down or dislocating it's Orbs; never contenting themselves with usual and common remedies, but running in quest after odd and airy notions; this same Sympathetical, and t'other Universal *Conundrum*; among all the rest of their Extravagancies have for-

got to transfer the Power of Governing the World from *Men*, that have held it in their hands by violence and Usurpation for so many thousand years, into the hands of women ; since a Scepter is not more heavy than a Distaff, and a Cap of State very near as soon made and embellish'd as the gayest of Female Head-attire. Was it, for that they, knowing such a superiority too cruel and insupportable at home, thought it in conscience too dangerous to recommend it to the publick ? Or whether was it, that they found the croaking of those Night-ravens wrought more upon great persons than the sound of the Trumpet, and therefore thought they already possest the Supream Power invisibly, yet in reality, and for that reason needed not any alterations ? Or whether it were, that (according to their manner) they consider'd this as a busineſſ not concerning Life, and therefore neglected it as unnecessary ? However it came to pass, certain it is, that they who have employ'd their Brown Studies in the transformation of Commonwealths, and made them ſuch, that if men were good Angels they could not live in them, or if they were Devils, might poſſiblē be forc'd into peace ; there is not one of them but has

has forgot to set down this most excellent and necessary Piece of Reformation.

And therefore I affirm, That Government and Dominion in Women is not only lawful and tolerable in women, but also justly, naturally, and properly their Right. First, though some crazy Philosophers, drunk with vain Aristotelism, have endeavoured to debase them from the same Species with men ; and others far more mad and inconsiderate than they, to deny them souls . Yet when we shall to this oppose the Scripture it self, which makes Man the Consummation of the Creation, and woman the Consummation of man ; if we should cite those high Attributes which the Rabbies give them, or instance those particular Indulgences of Nature which *Agrippa* ascribes to them, or those peculiar advantages of Composition and Understanding which the learned Portugal *Zacutius* makes them to inherit : Or should we bring in *Trismegistus*, reputed the most ancient and most Divine among the Heathen Writers, who calls women the Fountains and Perfections of Goodness: or should we add to all this, that which flops the Mouth of Barbarism it self, that is to say,

say, the high Estimation put upon them even by the Mahometan, who in them place the greatest pleasures of their Paradise; it must needs be acknowledged, that these muddy Philosophers onely spoke the sense of feeble and decrepit Age, and that consequently their Philosophy was as feeble and stupid as their limber and useless Limbs.

And indeed, this is a Quarrel wherein Nature hath seemed to have declared her self an Interested Party, so that we need to go no farther than the judgment of our eyes, the quickest and the surest that a man can make to decide the Controversie. For whom can we imagine to be so insensible, as not to be presently touch'd with the delicate composure and symmetry of their bodies, the sweetness and killing Languor of their Eyes, the intermixture and harmony of their Colours, the happinesses and spirituality of their Countenances, the charms and allurements of their Meen, the air and command of their Smiles: so that it is no wonder that *Plato* should say, That Souls were unwilling to depart out of such fair Bodies. Whereas men are meerly rough-cast, bristly and brawny, and made up as it were of tough

tough Materials ; and if they approach any thing near beauty, they may be said by so much the more to degenerate from what they are.

And from hence we gain'd our main inference. For if the Majesty and Comeliness of a Governour gain so much awe upon the People, as Politicians have observ'd, and experience teaches us that it does : What advantage have they in magically charming and winning of the People given them by Nature, which the other cannot aspire to by Art? For who would not be sooner smitten with Tresses curiously curl'd and dangling, and built up by a ravishing Architecture, than with bushy discomposed Locks, though powder'd with Gold? Who would not adore a face glowing with all kind of attractions, rather than a Countenance savage with Bristles, and indented with Scars ?

This is a certainty that needs so little Demonstration, that if you look but into any story, you shall find even the greatest Conquerours, lusty and proud in their Conquests, humbl'd and brought upon their knees by the fair Enchantments of Women. This we accompt Admirable in *Alexander* and *Scipio* that they could avoid ; in *Cæsar* and *Mark Anthony* we pardon, in respect of the greatness of their other Actions. And therefore if the greatest Captains and Souldiers, founders of Empires, be of a higher and more exalted Nature than others of lower and meaner capacities, yet such as have been always commanded by women, who have made them decline in their very Meridians; may we not thence conclude, that Nature has given them a priority, which they enjoy in effect, though not in quiryard appearance ?

'Tis to be supposed, that no man thinks *Solomon* to be other than one of the wisest of men, and yet it is well known how these white Devils seduc'd

him. *Augustus*, who may truly be said to have been one of the steadiest men in the world, one that in his youth out-witted all the Craft of the Hoary Senate, was all his life-time led by one *Livia*, who had that predominancy over him, that he by her means disposed of the Succession of the Empire to a Son of her womb by another Husband. But to make this yet more plain, we say that Age begers *Wisdom*. Now how general the affection of old men is to women, needs no proof, especially the older they grow, some of threescore marrying Virgins of sixteen; and therefore it is a clear Argument of the truth of this point, and of the Wisdom of those reverend Seniors that choose such Assistants for the Government of their declining years.

Besides, as certainly there wants not its reason in Philosophy, that all Virtues belong to the Sex we plead for; so may we also in the perusal of History find as many fair and illustrious examples of Virtue given by women, as there has been by men. Look but over the Roll of them, and you may easily from thence produce a sufficient stock of Presidents, where many things inserted as done by men perhaps are either brutish, heady, and intemperate, while in the women things appear more smooth and temperate. Or if there be any thing of passion or exorbitancy, it is but an addition of Lustre to their Sex, as a blush or glowing in the face sets off their beauty.

Now if it be necessary that Governors should be of good entertainment, affable, courteous, open of countenance; and such as seem to harbour no crooked or deep design; no men can be so fit for Government as women are. For besides their natural sweetness and innocency, their talk is generally directed to such things, as it may be easily infer'd, that

that their heads are not troubl'd about making destructive Wars, enlarging Empires, or founding of Tyrannies. So that if we consider what has been said, and that even those most excellent Qualities which are to be most desired and wish'd for in a Governour, are inherent to them, we shall clearly gain the point which we aim at. What greater happiness, than to have a Governour that is religious? Now all Philosophy and Experience teach us, that the softest minds are most capable of these Impressions, and that women are for the most part most violently hurried away by such Agitations to which men are subject. How few men-Prophets do Histories afford us in comparison to Prophetesses! Witness the *Sibils* and the female mouths of the chiefest Oracles of the Heathens. And even at this day, who such absolute followers of the Priests as the women are? If you wish them merciful, these are the tenderest things upon the face of the earth. They have tears at command; and if tears be the effect of Pity and Compassion, and Pity and Compassion be the Mother of Virtue, we are oblig'd to think, that mercy rules most in them, and it is to be soonest expected from them. If you desire affection to their Country, where may you more luckily find it? Have not the women many times cut off their hair to make ropes for Engines, and strings for bows? have they not surrendred up all their Rings and Jewels to defray charges? Have they not been content to perish with their Husbands in their Habitations? and what greater love of Native Country can be shewn? Famous was the Valour of the women of *Haerlem* in *Holland* when besieged by the King of *Spain*, while they out-did the men in Martial deeds, and vy'd with their manly fortitude in sufferance of Labour in repairing and defending the Walls of their City.

As memorable was that of the women of *Amsterdam*, when it was besieged by the Prince of *Orange*, who by agreement among themselves, by their own Industry advanced a great Culverin upon one of the highest places in the City, and thence continually discharged it with great execution upon the Enemy. And how far might women improve this Honour to themselves, while they look upon themselves as the Mothers of their Country? What tenderness would not such a woman have toward her Children the People? Especially when we see private women shew such extraordinary effects of it, that it approaches sometimes to dotage or madness. Or would you have affection to the people at home? No effect so violent as that of women. Murthers, Banishments, Proditions, have been but small matters thence arising; and what Tragical effects their despair has wrought, Poets and Romances abundantly testifie.

Thus were this noble Sex restor'd to that right which Nature has bestowed upon it, we should have all quiet and serene in Commonwealths. Courts would not be busied with Factions and underminings, but all would flow into pleasure and liberty. Instead of raising Armies, and the continual noise of Drums i' the street, we should be preparing for Masks, and instead of depressing Factions, we should be all for Balls and Amorous Appointments. So that men might follow their Handicrafis; Oxen might plough, and Millers Horses lead about the Wheel, while all this Labour and Toil serv'd only for the furtherance and ease of the Court.

Nor should we then have any Wars or Massacres, which so many argu'd have against, and against which the people so heartily pray. For women being of tender constitutions, and for the most part sedentary in their lives, would not engage in such

rough

rough employments, proper onely for man, who is but the best and most exalted sort of Savage, over whom the women have also this priviledge, that they can bring forth the greatest Conquerours, but Man can onely destroy them. Neither for several Emergencies have they wanted their active Valour, whereof they want not their several instances. Nay, some Nations have attained to this perfection of Female-Government, as the *Amazons* of old : and it may be well believ'd, that were it not for the Usurpation of men at this day, we might have seen something modern very like them ; so that Sir Walter Rawleigh need not have given himself the trouble to fetch them from *Guiana*.

Moreover, we know well how necessary it is in every States-man, to be master of all the Artifices and flights that may be, to gain upon them with whom he has to deal. Now if any can be fitter to act this part than women, I am much deceiv'd. For what by their importunities, glances, trains, flights, ambushes, artifices, and petty infidelity, it is as impossible to escape them, as to go over fire conceal'd in treacherous ashes.

But I perceive a Volly, or rather storms of Objections coming on ; but such, as we shall easily escape without being hurt. In the first place, you will say, they are or will be inconstant. The fitter they are for all occasions of busines. They will turn and tack about according as the wind serves, and so will never shipwrack ; whereas many Princes have split themselves and their Posterity, by being too obstinate in steering one Course. You will next say, they will be proud. What more proper than Majesty and high deportment in a Governoour ? Without pride, how should there be reverence ? and without reverence, how should there be sujection ?

You

You will tell me, they will be too delicate and gay. This is but to keep the Imaginations of the people aloof, which must necessarily be highten'd by such curious deceptions, which are as needful for them as the *Arcana Imperii* are for men. Oh! but they will be talkative. So much the better for the people; whereas reserv'd and dark Princes, that either mean nothing or ambiguously, leave the people in suspence, and make liberty either dangerous, or cause flattery to misconster it. You say, they will be cruel. I would fain know what man, take the wisest or the best, that ever boggl'd much if a head or two were in his way. And therefore, why should they be condemned for what is so usually practis'd? Lastly, you will say they are unwise. The more easie and supple to be govern'd by wise Counsellors. And therefore we must conclude, that as women bring forth Children to the world, as they multiply themselves into these visible and corporeal Souls, and after they have brought them forth, so they are most tender and careful to bring them up: And so it is most fitting, having all these pre-eminencies and indulgencies of Nature, that when they are brought up, they should also have the government of them. For a Potter would think it hard measure, that the Pitcher should fly in his face when it was made.

And thus without one blast, all the Discomforts of Matrimony vanish, since if women act contrary to their Fancies, 'tis no more than what the men are to be contented withal, as being due to the Pre-rogative of their Sex; and the honour which then receive in being coupled to their Superiors, ought to drown all their other vain Imaginations of usurp'd authority and ostentation.

F I N I S.

e-and  
of the  
ten'd  
edful  
Oh!  
er for  
, that  
peo-  
rous,  
, they  
, take  
h if a  
efore,  
o usu-  
e un-  
vern'd  
t con-  
to the  
e visi-  
have  
er and  
st fit-  
ulgen-  
, they  
a Pot-  
itcher

mforts  
ntry  
e men  
the Pre-  
which  
riours,  
nations

## THE OLD BACHELOR.

"He which that hath no wife I hold him lost,  
Helpless, and all desolat."—CHAUCER.

"No life, no joy, no sweete, without a lasse."—  
ALBINO AND BELLAMA, 1637.

"We have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beauties snow,  
Or seeing have so wooden wits, as *not that* worth to know;  
Or knowing, have so muddie minds, as not to be in love,  
Or loving, have so frothy thoughts, as *easily* thence to move."

—ASTROPHEL and STELLA, *Sir P. Sidney*, 1638.

What "fox," in life,  
Still takes no wife,  
But would *an heiress* catch—oh, lor'!  
Than on *himself*  
Waste all her pelf?  
'Tis the plotting, sly, old Bachelor!

Who is the "blade,"  
When youth and maid  
Give promise of a match—oh, lor'  
Will prate of care,  
And pockets bare?  
'Tis the senseless, cold old Bachelor!

Who to some friend's  
His course oft bends,  
More than one "buss" to snatch—oh, lor'  
With that friend's wife,—  
So causing strife?  
'Tis the faithless, strange, old Bachelor!

Who'll to some queer  
"Bold creature" near  
Himself *too much* attach—oh, lor'  
Until his name  
Men but defame?  
'Tis the vicious, wild, old Bachelor!

Who—soon and late—  
To have his prate,  
Will lift his neighbour's latch—oh, lor'  
And ne'er decline  
To stop and dine?  
'Tis the soulking, "doop," old Bachelor!

Who's ever found,  
When wine goes round,  
It quickly to "dispatch"—oh, lor'  
Cup after cup  
Still guzzling up?  
'Tis the drunken, dry, old Bachelor!

Who—unemployed—  
Of *self* still cloyed,  
Such dullness oft doth hatch—oh, lor'  
Cause 'tis his way  
So *long* to stay?  
'Tis the tiresome, slow, old Bachelor?

Who, in his dress,  
Seems nothing less  
Than "guy," stuff'd with old thatch—oh, lor'  
All things so worn,  
Besmeared, or torn?  
'Tis the nasty, foul, old Bachelor!

Who wears such hose,  
His skin oft shows—  
That ne'er get darn or ~~potion~~—oh, lor'  
Housekeepers, oh!  
They're still so slow?  
'Tis the hated, cross, old Bachelor!

Who—all *alone*—  
Lives but to groan,  
And his small beer to watch—oh, lor'  
While, to his cost,  
Things oft are lost?  
'Tis the grudging, grim, old Bachelor!

For whom, at last,  
His sins all past,  
A hole will sextons scratch—oh, lor'  
Though well we know  
Few tears will flow?  
'Tis the worthless, bad, old Bachelor!

C. C.

Great Toham.